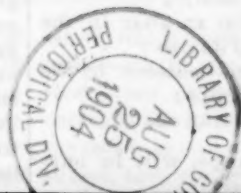


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1904



THE SHAW MEMORIAL

The Colonel Robert Gould Shaw Memorial was erected and dedicated in 1897, its cost being met from a fund raised by voluntary subscription. It is situated at the head of Beacon St. mall, opposite the State House, between two majestic elms — "the most imposing piece of outdoor sculpture in Boston." Colonel Shaw was the commander of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry, composed of colored troops, in the Civil War, and was killed at the head of his command while leading the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. The monument consists of a statue of Col. Shaw, mounted, with his men pressing close beside him, in high relief upon a large bronze tablet. The sculptor was Augustus St. Gaudens, and the architect of the elaborate stone frame was Charles F. McKim.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in bur-
nished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with My contemners, so with
you My grace shall deal;"

Let the Hero born of woman crush the
serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;

He is sitting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be
jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that trans-
figures you and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free,
While God is marching on.

— Julia Ward Howe.

The United Free Church Decision

AS we have already noted in these col-
umns, England and Scotland have
been thrown into a state of unprecedented
consternation and indignation by the de-
cision of the Supreme Court of the House
of Lords—seven judges in all—declaring
that the Free Church of Scotland by its
union in 1900 with the United Presbyterian
Church, under the name of the United Free
Church, had forfeited all right and title to
its property of every sort, and that the
little band of contestants in the High-
lands, twenty-four in all, was the true
Free Church, and entitled to hold and ad-
minister all the funds, schools, and
churches. London papers are now at hand
with fuller details, enabling us on this side
of the Atlantic to get a better vision of the
situation, which is absolutely unexampled.

The grounds of the decision are two-fold.
The majority of the court (the decision was
made by five judges out of the seven, two
strongly maintaining their ground for the
United Free Church) ruled that the Free
Church of Scotland had at its institution
held the principle of "Establishment"—
the right of the civil government to legis-

late in behalf of the ecclesiastical organiza-
tion, and aid it with public funds in one
way or another—and that this principle
was essential to its existence. By union
with the United Presbyterian Church,
which has always protested against this
doctrine of Establishment, the court holds
that it gave up one of its fundamental
principles, and shifted away from its con-
stitutional moorings.

The other point is doctrinal. The United
Presbyterian Church has not been for a
generation or more a strict Calvinistic
church in its doctrinal teachings. It
has believed in a full, free Gospel, and
has urged everywhere the duty of every
sinner to repent and accept the Saviour.
The Free Church has also in recent years
liberalized in its practical workings and in
its preaching the old doctrines of predesti-
nation and election, although it once held
without question to the Westminster Con-
fession of Faith. "Once a Calvinist, al-
ways a Calvinist," is, in brief, the final
basis of the decision of the court as appli-
cable to a dissenting church in England or
Scotland. The five judges almost literally
declare that the old-time, stringent, and
unrelenting five points of Calvinism, with-
out modification or reinterpretation, must
be held by the Free Church of Scotland
forevermore, as the law now stands, or that
church can have no legal standing in the
courts.

Of course such a decision as this will not
stand very long in the age in which we
live. If the law forbids a church to modify
its creed, to change its minor features of
policy, to unite on equitable terms with a
sister denomination, under penalty of los-
ing all its property and its legal status as a
denomination, then the law must go down
before the resistless storm of public indig-
nation. The Scottish people will not, we
are sure, submit very long to such a con-
struction of law, especially as their own
courts, on three several occasions, with
unanimity, gave decision contrariwise.

The case is complicated by the fact that
when it was first heard, last autumn, the
court was made up of six judges. Although
no decision was announced at the time, it
was understood that the judges stood
equally divided on the case, and hence that
the decision of the Scottish courts was not
to be reversed. Soon after that hearing,
however, Lord Shand, one of the Scot-
tish judges in the House of Lords, and
a member of the Supreme Court, died, he
being one of the judges who sided with the
United Free Church. To the court two new
men were added, and the case was reheard.
The suspicion is openly avowed that it was
known in advance how these new men
would stand, and that the court was really
packed for the exigency. We need not
accord with that suspicion, but we must
avow our belief that it is exceedingly un-
fortunate that the rehearing occurred under
such untoward circumstances.

The *British Weekly*, in an extended
comment on the case, voices the sentiments
of a great body of English and Scottish
people when it says: "We firmly believe
that the Free Church majority have been
the victims of an enormous wrong, and
that there has been an almost unexampled
miscarriage of justice."

It is believed that Parliament will come
to the aid of the afflicted denomination,
and that in some fair way the matter will
be adjusted. But the situation, as it now
stands, is without qualification unexam-
pled and intolerable. The hope is expressed
by some of our English exchanges that this
perplexing and complicated situation may
speedily lead to a series of readjustments
whereby the United Free Church, the Free
Church of Scotland (the now victorious
minority), and the Established Church of

Scotland may become one body, a million
strong. In that case we would have a new
illustration of the old saying: "He maketh
the wrath of man to praise Him; and the
remainder of wrath shall He restrain."

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Simplon Tunnel Completed

THE passage of the first construction train through the Simplon tunnel a few days ago, marks the practical completion of one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. The Simplon Tunnel is the fourth great bore run through the Alps, the tunnels in the order of length being the Mont Cenis, nearly three miles; the Arlberg, over six miles; the St. Gotthard, over nine miles; and the mammoth bore of the Simplon, over twelve miles in length. Active work on this last great tunnel enterprise was begun in 1898, the Swiss and Italian Governments uniting in the project. Work was begun on both sides of the mountain, and the engineers calculated so well that when the miners from Switzerland, on the descending grade, met those from Italy, on the ascending grade, the boring disclosed an error of only a few feet, to remedy which a slight curve in the line has been made necessary. The approaches to the tunnel are still to be built, and the first train-load of traffic between the valley of the Rhone and that of the Diveria may not pass through until next summer. The roads run due north and south from Brigne, on the Swiss frontier, to Iselle on the Italian, and has aptly been described as the string of the bow of which Napoleon's great road over the Simplon, built in 1801-1805, constitutes the arc. The experience gained by the engineers in the cutting of the previous tunnels through the Alps enabled them to finish this longest of Alpine tunnels in much shorter time, considering its length, than any of the three other roads through the mountains. While the strata through which the road was driven consisted principally of gneiss and schist, the Brandt hydraulic rotating drill, the most perfect instrument ever devised for tunnelling through hard rocks, more than met every expectation. The power was supplied by the Rhone and the Diveria. Various unexpected difficulties were met in the prosecution of the work, such as the gushing forth of torrents of hot water owing to the great depth below the surface. The depth of the axis averages 3,740 feet, and in one place reaches the

great depth of 7,000 feet. The opening of the tunnel will restore to France much of the trade lost to it by the cutting of the St. Gotthard tunnel. German railway interests will suffer, but Genoa will now probably increase, at the expense of its old rival, Marseilles, in Swiss imports.

Canada Adopts Submarine Signals

THE Canadian Government has decided to enter into an agreement with a Boston Company for the installation of thirty submarine signal bells in the St. Lawrence River and off the coasts of the Maritime Provinces. Of the thirty stations thus to be established twenty-six are to be operated from the shore and four from lightships. It is expected that all ships making Canadian ports will be equipped with the telephonic apparatus for picking up the sounds of the warning bells. The system has been installed experimentally for some months at Boston Lightship, Pollock Rip Shoals Lightship, and Vineyard Sound Lightship. The telephone wires on steamships equipped with the proper apparatus — when approaching the lightships on which corresponding installations have been made — never fail to pick up the sounds of the bells at distances ranging from four to ten miles. As there is no difficulty in locating the direction from which the sounds come, the mariner by the use of the signal system is enabled to know his position, when near a signal station, if for any reason he has drifted from his course or is picking his way in storm or fog through a dangerous passage. Many of the recent accidents at sea would have been avoided, it is claimed, had the submarine signal service been in operation in the vicinity of the points where the catastrophes occurred.

Variable Spots on the Moon

THE variable spots on the moon have been supposed by many astronomers to be white rocks, now in shadow and again in bright light, caused by varying angles and altitudes of the sun. The phenomena exhibited by a variable spot are a rapid darkening, beginning shortly after sunrise, followed by an equally rapid fading toward sunset. The darkening is sometimes accompanied by a diminution in size, and the fading by an increase. At their maximum some of the spots are intensely black, and some are dark gray and light gray. Near the moon's equator the changes in density occur frequently in the course of a few hours after sunrise. Prof. William M. Pickering of Harvard, who is making observations on Mt. Lowe, near Pasadena, Cal. — and who finds that in that splendid mountain air the moon looks

white, not yellow, as it does in the observatories in the Eastern States — considers that since the spots found near the centre of the lunar disc are blackest when the moon is full and fade at sunrise and sunset, they cannot be due in any way to shadows which are geometrically impossible at full moon. He concludes that there must be a real change of some sort in the nature of the reflecting surface. In Professor Pickering's view organic life resembling vegetation seems to be the only explanation of this change. He has made eight drawings of the interior and floor of the lunar crater Eratosthenes on successive nights, of which no two are alike. The change in the area of shading is pronounced — areas appearing brilliant white at times, where browns and grays appeared before. These effects Professor Pickering attributes to hoar-frost. When it is considered that the lunar day equals fourteen terrestrial days, it is not inconceivable that vegetation on the moon should quickly flourish and as quickly decay, much as vegetation springs and withers on the earth.

Wages and the Cost of Living

ACCORDING to a bulletin issued on August 1 by the Department of Commerce and Labor, wages have increased 18.8 per cent. since 1894, while the cost of living, as indicated by the selling price of various necessary commodities, has increased only 10.6 per cent. Since 1896 wages have increased, it is stated, 16.6 per cent, and the cost of living has increased 15.5 per cent. In neither instance do these figures take cognizance of the increased amount of employment now as compared with the former years when thousands were out of employment, nor of the decreased hours of labor which characterize almost every branch of industry. The investigation of the Department covered 519 occupations, representing 67 industries in 3,429 establishments, and included every important manufacturing centre in the United States. It is claimed that statements made by some that the cost of living has increased 37 per cent. over 1897 are based on wholesale prices and entirely disregard the retail prices. It is on the latter that the Department of Commerce and Labor bases its figures, since the retail prices present the extreme cost of living — which is all that concerns the consumer. The figures given for wages refer to hourly pay. As there has been a decrease in the hours of labor, the increase in weekly wages has not been quite so great as in hourly wages. In establishments running continuously from 1890 to 1903 the aggregate of the wages paid in 1903 was 45.1 per cent. greater than in 1896, and 54.4 per cent. greater than in 1894. In all these establishments the number of

employees in the trades entering into the statistics of the Bureau was 26.6 per cent, greater in 1903 than in 1896, and 34 per cent, greater than in 1894. These figures apply only to establishments that were in existence from 1890 to 1903, and do not include those that went out of existence or which were created in that period. If it had been possible to take into consideration establishments that ceased to exist during that time it is claimed that the showing would have been greatly in favor of the still better comparative conditions of labor in 1903 over previous years. All statistics dealing with economics are intricate, and in this sphere conclusions based on an insufficient induction of facts are hazardous. As a political campaign is in progress this year, an effort will be made to shake the figures just given; but the experts who have been making the investigation on which these statistics are based declare that they never undertook any work with greater care for every feature of accuracy, and court the most thorough and candid investigation of the conditions on which their conclusions are founded.

Unusual Uses for Fire-Engines

FIRE-ENGINES of special design are made in Great Britain for a great variety of uses other than extinguishing fires. A number of handy engines capable of throwing two hundred gallons a minute were used in the South African war for supplying large bodies of impatient and thirsty troops with water. Little steam fire engines have been employed in Natal to supply water at stations to locomotive boilers and tanks. The portability of these small steamers, which can be readily lifted off their wheels and carried into wild regions by six or eight men, facilitates their general use. Small fire-engines are utilized in England as motors for driving farm, stable, workshop, laundry and other machinery, and also to water grounds, to root up tree-stumps by the direction of a powerful stream at the roots, to drive piles by a similar application of water, to dig holes, and to mine for gold by "hydraulic mining." Such engines are employed for spraying vines and tea plants with insecticides, for sheep-washing, for cleansing streets, for propulsion of boats, and even for washing of windows.

Elizabethan Electrician Honored

THE recent 300th anniversary of the death of William Gilbert, of Colchester, England, the founder of the science of electricity, was marked by the presentation, by the Institution of Electrical Engineers of Great Britain, to the borough of Colchester, of a painting representing Dr. Gilbert showing his electrical experiments to Queen Elizabeth and her court. Gilbert discovered the augmentation of the power of a loadstone by arming or capping it with soft iron cheeks, the screening effect of a sheet of iron, the method of magnetizing iron by hammering it while it lies north and south, the destruction of magnetism by heat, and the existence around the magnet of a magnetic field. He advanced the entirely novel idea that the globe of

the earth is itself a magnet. His book, "*De Magnete*," over which Dr. Gilbert spent eighteen years, was published in 1600, and for the next hundred years remained the standard work on magnetism.

Destruction of Cork Forests

THE price of cork is increasing steadily, both on account of the growing demand and of the lessened supply of the raw material. Italy was formerly a large producer of cork, but a great part of her splendid cork-oak forests has already been destroyed. In some provinces — as in Calabria — the trees have been felled and used for charcoal-making, while in other provinces they have been cut down on account of their high potash contents. Larger forests of cork-oak trees are still existing, however, in Spain, Portugal, France, Algeria and Tunis. It is a curious fact that no cork-tree forests are found in Asia Minor, and only a few are found in Greece and European Turkey, although those climates seem to be favorable for their growth. While Spain still furnishes 32,800 tons of cork annually, the production of Italy has decreased to 4,000 tons. The value of the Spanish exports of cork amounts to \$6,000,000 per year against less than \$250,000 for Italy. Only Sicily and Sardinia are still producing cork to any considerable extent in Italy. The cork trees easily reach the age of two hundred years. They yield cork in their thirtieth year, and continue to do so every seven years.

Canadian Militarism

THE new Militia Act of Canada, which provides legal machinery for organizing all the able-bodied men of the Dominion into a potential military force, the ranks to be filled by conscription at the will of the political authorities, and the force being liable to be employed in foreign service at the order of the Canadian Parliament, is coming in for a good deal of criticism at home and abroad. It is probable that the Canadian electorate will not favor an expenditure of more than about three million dollars per annum for the maintenance of a regular force of 2,000 men, and to afford training to about 50,000 others. It appears to be intended, also, that a gradual expansion of the military establishment shall occur until some 100,000 men have received a little military instruction. This scheme does not constitute a formidable menace to the United States, but it indicates an unfortunate jingo temper of mind in Canada, and even from the Canadian point of view is bad policy, inasmuch as its natural effect would be to induce the American people to reply by a proportionate increase of military establishments. It is galling to the pride of many Canadians to think that the United States could take Canada if it wanted to do so, provided Canada were not defended by Great Britain; but the present policy of militarism is inadequate as a protection against this country, while it lays heavy financial burdens on the people of Canada. One of the most telling criticisms of this new Canadian policy has come from Henri Bourassa, a member of Parliament, who "as a true Canadian and British

subject" opposes an increased military expenditure in Canada, and argues that instead of rendering a service to Great Britain by a policy of that kind Canadians would by so doing be sowing the germs of a greater embarrassment for England. The working people of Canada appear to be opposed as a rule to the new military program.

Educational Value of World's Fair

THE Louisiana Purchase Exposition has now entered on the second half of its entire term, and the total attendance up to date is in round numbers 7,000,000. The management confidently expects that the second half of the term of the Exhibition will more than triple the attendance so far recorded. The Fair is now complete in every detail. It is intended as a condensed exhibit of the accumulated knowledge and practical achievements of the civilized world. The splendid architectural constructions of the Fair are really incidental to its main purpose, which is educational. While it might seem at first sight as though the great bulk of visitors are drawn thither by mere love of amusement, closer observation reveals the fact that the majority of the American visitors at least (few foreigners have so far attended the Fair) have come to St. Louis primarily to be instructed. Proof of this is found in the crowded attendance at the various exhibitions of highly technical and scientific apparatus. It is the more difficult and intricate exhibits that seem to present the strongest attraction to the sightseers. A monster exposition, such as that at St. Louis, undoubtedly exercises upon the average citizen a broadening influence, imparting to him something of that cosmopolitan breadth of view which is supposed to be attained only by actual travel.

Turkey Procrastinating

THE Sultan of Turkey, who appears to have agreed in principle to the demands of the United States, is in no hurry to effectuate the measures for which the demands called, and Minister Leishman is trying — without a fleet now to help him — to get what he supposed he got. The Porte agreed to the American demands "subject to certain departmental formalities." These departmental formalities — in other words, red-tape procrastinations — have been the diplomatic stock-in-trade of Turkish ministries for generations. In another note Minister Leishman, ignoring this reference to formalities, has expressed "the hope" that Turkey will do the right thing in the case. He also endeavors to hold the Turkish Government to its solemn undertaking, coming direct from the Sultan, respecting equal treatment with other nations for the United States in the matter of educational institutions in Turkey. This allusion to an imperial pledge has proved embarrassing to the Turks; but a condition of mere embarrassment, short of actual warfare, is nothing new in Turkey, and the fulfillment of the assurances made while an American fleet was at Smyrna is not in sight. The issue up to date confirms us in the opinion that the Turk only yields so far as he is pressed, and as soon as the

pressure is removed expands to his full original sphericity of Koranic pride and contentment. With the American warships disappearing in the distance Minister Leishman finds it difficult to make further impressions on the rotund and retarding ministers who surround and fawn upon the secluded Sultan.

Electrical Use of Waterfalls

THE Swedish Government is seriously considering the project of using electric traction on the State railroads, the current to be obtained from the numerous waterfalls which are found in that country. Parliament has been asked to vote a large sum of money for the transformation of the state railroad systems of Sweden, and preliminary trials are to be carried out on a section of the Varta railroad, and also on the portion of the line running from Stockholm to Jarfra. The current for this purpose will be furnished by the Stockholm central station and from a temporary plant which will be installed at Tomtebodå. The same question of electric traction has come up in Switzerland, another country possessing large water power. A commission has been appointed to make preliminary investigations. In Italy, where a number of electric railroads are working successfully, it is now proposed to use electric trains on the Milan-Venice railroad, using the third-rail system.

Clay-Working Industries

A SUPPLEMENTARY report just issued by the United States Geological Survey gives statistics of the clay-working industries of the country in 1902, which show that that year was one of prosperity in those industries, the product reported increasing from \$110,211,587 in 1901 to \$122,169,531 in 1902 — a gain of 10.85 per cent. The firms reporting in 1902 numbered but 6,045 as against 6,421 in 1901, but this decrease of 5.86 per cent. can be accounted for by the fact that many individual firms have combined and reported as one plant. The average value of the output per plant increased from \$17,164 in 1901 to \$20,210 in 1902. A remarkable advance in the cost of labor and of building materials began in 1900, which probably prevented the value of the clay product from rising above \$126,000,000 in 1902, as it normally would have done. One of the most significant features of the year was the successful installation of several plants for the manufacture of sand-lime brick. It appears certain, however, that sand-lime brick will never wholly displace clay brick.

Ex-Senator H. G. Davis Notified

EX-SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS was formally notified of his nomination for Vice President of the United States, at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, Aug. 17. Congressman John Sharp Williams of Mississippi made the notification speech. Mr. Davis made a brief speech in reply, reviewing the political situation, echoing the sentiments of Judge Parker on the money question, and expressing a determination to succeed in the campaign. He declared that great industrial ills exist, and charged them to

the Republicans, affirming that the cost of Government has largely increased under Republican rule. Mr. Williams' speech informing Mr. Davis of his nomination was satirical in tone, and full flowery enough to suit a candidate who, as the ex-Senator himself expressed it, stands "upon the borderland of the two Virginias." The best part of the speech was, perhaps, the concluding paragraph, when the speaker paid a tribute to Mr. Davis as a man of character, sense and modesty, who by "temperance, self-containment and useful and honest industry" has attained to a high position in popular regard.

Port Arthur Doomed

AFFAIRS in Port Arthur are in a very bad way, and although the garrison still has provision for three months, a vast amount of ammunition has been expended since the siege began, all of the five battleships in the harbor are disabled, four thousand men are reported to be ill in the hospital, and the Japanese fire is becoming increasingly galling and effective. Yet the defenders still hold out with wonderful tenacity in the face of persistent and desperate assaults. The Mikado's order, "Port Arthur must be taken!" has caused a concentration of the Japanese forces on the doomed fortress, and Admiral Stoessel's vehement refusal of the terms offered by the Japanese — which included the right to march out his garrison with all the honors of war and to join General Kuropatkin, with favorable terms to non-combatants — has tended to inflame the more the war passions of the little brown men who are evincing their readiness again and again to swarm up the fire-swept slopes, replacing the thousands who fall with other battalions as intrepid and fanatical in their military enthusiasm. The advance of the Japanese has been somewhat retarded by the explosion of murderous mines, but they have swept the Russians from Pigeon Bay, and captured the northernmost fort of the western line of inner defences at Port Arthur. A small fight occurred, Aug. 19, on the Motien Pass road, but its results were unimportant. Pending the fall of Port Arthur the Japanese apparently do not intend making a direct attack on General Kuropatkin's position at Liao-yang.

Naval Operations in the Far East

ADMIRAL KAMIMURA, whose apparent inaction during the first period of the war exposed him to some unintelligent criticisms from "sea lawyers" in Japan and elsewhere, has vindicated his reputation as a naval fighter by dispersing the Vladivostock squadron; and more lately, on Aug. 21, the protected cruisers, "Chitose" and "Tsushima," the greyhounds of the Japanese Navy, overtook and destroyed the "Novik," which was finally beached in a sinking condition at a point some two hundred miles north of Vladivostock. The "Novik" has been splendidly handled during the war, and the Japanese have expressed great admiration for her commander and crew. The Russian gunboat "Otvajni" was sunk by a mine, Aug. 18, near Liaotishan. It is reported that

China has yielded to the Russian demand for compensation for the "Ryeshitelni," and will degrade the Taotai at Chefoo and the Chinese admiral. The neutrality of China may be a fiction, but it is a fiction which it is useful to keep up, and the sensational tidings have now come from Shanghai that the United States torpedo-boat destroyer "Chauncey" ran up and anchored, Aug. 21, in the harbor of Shanghai, between a Japanese torpedo-boat destroyer, which entered the port cleared for action, and the Russian cruiser "Askold," which is in dock, and supposedly under the temporary protection of China as a neutral power, in order to prevent the Japanese from precipitating a fight with the "Askold." Admiral Stirling, commanding the Asiatic squadron, has liberty to deal with the situation, the other Powers are bestirring themselves, and it is entirely unlikely that after this there will be any gross violations of neutrality on the part of either Russian or Japanese vessels visiting Chinese waters.

FACTS WORTH NOTING

— A queue-cutting crusade is in progress among Chinamen, about two hundred of the eight hundred members of the Boston branch of the Bow Wong Woy Society, which has branches in all the large cities where a score or more of Chinamen reside, having discarded their queues. This organization favors the Americanization of the Chinese, who are legally entitled to remain in the United States. Many of the Chinese laundrymen, who seldom go out of their places of business, have been much enlightened by the lecturers employed by the Society.

— The boulevards of Chicago have been made slippery by the grease scattered over them by passing automobiles. The dusty gray of some of the roadways is changing to a rich brown hue. This kind of oiled pavement, however, is said to be quite different from the oiled roads of California, which are specially prepared and treated, and are never used until ready for traffic. The wheels of passing vehicles pick up and throw in all directions the oil which drops on the Chicago avenues, injuring clothing and also rubber tires. The oil, whatever disadvantages it may have, effectually lays the dust and sheds water.

— At a conference recently held by the Woman's Club of Chicago, dealing with the question of "Women in Industrialism," Dr. Lucy Waite, of Chicago, reported that 4,376 women are listed in the medical societies. Of these members New York has the largest number, Illinois coming next with 239. Of these 239, 51 are giving instruction in medical colleges in Chicago. An investigation as to the incomes of 76 women physicians discloses the fact that ten have received annual incomes ranging from \$3,000 to \$4,000; five from \$4,000 to \$5,000; three from \$5,000 to \$10,000; and fifteen from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

— Professor Pampelly, who is making investigations on the ancient site of Anau, near Aschabad, in Russian Turkestan, reports gratifying success, the expedition having explored over 136 feet of successive culture strata, containing, it is thought, at least four uninterrupted culture stages, apparently extending for thousands of years through the neolithic and bronze into the beginning of the iron age, and having correlated the stages of culture with important events in the physiographic history, and with the introduction of irrigation.

"SOMEBODY FORGETS"

THE story is told of a ragged little lad who was induced to attend a mission school in Chicago. He became interested, and finally, according to his lights, a professed follower of the Master. But one day a man of infidel views, a scoffer at religion, tried to shake the little fellow's faith by asking him how it was that if he was a Christian he continued so poor and comparatively friendless. "Don't you think that if there were a God," continued this scoffer, "he would tell somebody to give you clothes, and other things that you need?" "He does tell somebody," replied the ragged boy, "but somebody forgets."

"Somebody forgets!" Just here is found the explanation of a great deal of want, worry and suffering that continue to exist unnecessarily in the world despite these centuries of Christianity that have gone before us in history. It is not right to lay the blame for the poverty of the masses upon the great and good Lord. In His Word He has laid down the rules of correct and happy living — but somebody forgets to be temperate, virtuous and thrifty, and jails, almshouses and asylums are filled with the foolish victims of their own moral negligence, while wives and children want and weep. God has told His servants to minister to the need that remains as an inevitable residuum in human society after all has been done that can be done to prevent the occurrence of difficulties and distresses — but somebody forgets to be charitable, sympathetic, and alert for social service.

The fact that so many rightful prayers of humanity are not answered is not due to the denial of God, but to the delinquency of men. The steward fails to dispense the goods which his lord bids him distribute. It has been said that for every orphan child there is, in the mind of the Lord, a home somewhere — yet many children are still comfortless because somebody forgets to care for the orphaned. It might be said that for every now spiritually orphaned (that is, unconverted) soul God has a message of salvation ready — but some messenger forgets to go with the glad tidings, and most of the world remains yet unevangelized. The summation of a large part of inglorious history is comprised in the two words: "Somebody forgets." It is time that Christians more generally awoke to a realization of the duties which the benevolent Founder of their religion desired should ever be held in remembrance.

GOD TAKES US AT OUR BEST

MEN count against us our weakness as well as our wickedness. They discount as deadly sins and evidences of deep depravity the yielding to overwhelming temptation or sudden surprise, the moments off guard, the misapprehension of orders, the failures of judgment, the lapses through nervous and physical exhaustion.

It should unspeakably comfort us that God knows all about us. He knows our conditions and relations, our judgment and sense of obligation. Many a man has gone down in the humiliation of defeat, disgraced in the world's opinion,

whom God will pronounce not guilty. Many a man is condemned by the world's verdict for what it sees as failure or brands as guilt, whom God will pronounce victor, and crown with the well-done and reward with the hundredfold in the life to come, recognizing the honest but imperfect striving for the best. The man who shrinks in shame under the harsh, adverse verdict of the world, may not fear nor dread God's judgment, but would gladly bow before Him, saying, "Lord, Thou knowest." Men know us only in part. They see the faltering, the failure in some duty, the yielding at some point, but know not the struggle to be right and the greater wrong withstood.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

It will be one of the felicities of heaven that it will not only know no weariness, nor exhaustion, but no suspicions and no misjudgments, no lurking enemy to take advantage of inherited infirmities.

Sometimes the very spot where men set up the monument of sin and shame shines transfigured in the light of God with the glory of absolute consecration and highest struggle toward God. No path shines brighter than that where man seeks to bear the cross of Christ.

"CLEARING THE AIR"

WE commend to all lovers of fairness and good-will the statement of religious belief made by the new editor of the *Sunday School Journal*, Rev. Dr. John T. McFarland, in the forthcoming September issue of that periodical, an advance copy of which is already in the hands of the press. The new editor refers to the rumors which "got abroad" during the voting at Los Angeles to the effect that he belonged to that "indefinitely dangerous class called the destructive higher critics;" and declares, also, that since he has come to his post he has been made to understand that some excellent people are anxious in regard to these charges, and to his attitude toward the questions included in modern biblical criticism. In order, therefore, to clear away the mists, he speaks his mind, in a candid and unquestionable manner.

He declares that he is not "a destructive higher critic;" that he believes in the supernatural inspiration of the Bible, although not in the untenable theory of verbal inspiration; he accepts without question the divinity of our Lord, the atonement, the ministry of the Holy Ghost, the necessity of the "birth from above," the usual doctrines concerning "the last things," and all other fundamentals of universal Christian faith. After this manly and straightforward statement, Dr. McFarland adds:

"Having said these things, lest he shall be misunderstood on the other hand, the editor wishes to say that he believes the field of biblical research and scholarship known as Higher Criticism is a perfectly legitimate field, and that its contributions are necessary to a full rounded knowledge of the Bible. Prejudice against this department of Bible study and fear with regard to its effects are due to the extravagance of some of its representatives whose work has been prosecuted in a wrong spirit, and whose reasonings have proceeded upon

false premises. But of Higher Criticism proper the church need have no fear, and only harm can result from an indiscriminate denunciation of everything that goes under that name."

Dr. McFarland then cites two pages of utterances from a sermon by Chancellor Huntington, on "Our Bible," found in a recent volume from the pen of that writer in the "Methodist Pulpit" series — utterances which Dr. McFarland says are so completely in accord with his own that he can in good faith adopt them as his confession of faith in regard to certain matters of biblical criticism now in the air. Dr. Huntington in these citations asserts that the questions raised by the Higher Criticism are reasonable, inevitable, and harmless, and that we should welcome all manner of honest research into the history, structure and contents of the various books of Scripture.

These are sane utterances, and we are glad to find them put before the teachers and young people of the church. They accord exactly with the convictions, the beliefs and the assured conclusions of the best men in all branches of Methodism. Rev. Dr. W. T. Davison, for instance, now the book editor of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church, for years a teacher of theology in one of the institutions of that body, in an address to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in Washington, in September, 1891, devotes a good part of his time to a statement of the religious gains of Higher Criticism; indicating at the same time that there are some dangers to be guarded against, such as hasty adoption of plausible hypotheses, the acceptance of rationalistic assumptions, and perils of that sort; and then in reply to the question, "What should be the attitude of the Christian Church toward the Higher Criticism?" he says:

"There is no need of fear; there should be no room for suspicion; enmity is absurdly out of place. . . . The Methodist Churches will do well to beware of blindly and rashly setting their faces against the conclusions of truly scientific biblical criticism. We must not pledge ourselves to what may soon prove to be untenable positions or dare to identify them with the Christian faith."

For twenty years Dr. Davison has, in season and out of season, in one form or another, advocated biblical study from the standpoint indicated in the above-cited passage, and he stands as a leader of the orthodox forces in Great Britain.

At the last meeting of the Ecumenical Conference in London, in 1901, Dr. Davison and Dr. J. Agar Beet united in commending the stand taken by Rev. Dr. John J. Tigert, book editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in regard to "Biblical Criticism and the Christian Faith," in which he made the strongest pleas in behalf of the rights of Higher Criticism, properly so-called, declaring that "All history worthy of the name begins with documentary criticism, and with the assortment and valuation of the available data," and avowed his conviction that in spite of the insufficiency of materials in some cases for a final judgment, and in spite of the erratic attitude of certain critics, and considerable differences between them in minor details, "there is essential agreement among the

greater critics as to methods, grounds, and results."

Some of our readers may recall the impression produced at the General Conference in Chicago by Bishop Andrews in reading the Episcopal Address, and the instant response which was drawn forth by the sentences in which he spoke of the attitude of the church toward biblical research. After clearing the way against misapprehension by two sentences disavowing sympathy with modern destructive criticism, he said:

"But, on the other hand, serious, conservative, patient, and practical study of the many undetermined questions of theology, questions which chiefly concern not the facts but the methods of divine revelation and government—this study the church allows and approves. It believes in scholarship honestly directed to learn more than has hitherto been known of the divine Word and the divine works. It believes that more light is yet to break forth from them both. It contemns sciolism, self sufficiency, love of novelty, the iconoclastic spirit in biblical studies; it welcomes truth, even new truths, if duly tested, confirmed, and found serviceable in the life of the soul."

We need hardly say that these declarations are in exact and complete accord with the convictions which ZION'S HERALD has for years been advocating. They are so sane, and safe, and reasonable, that we marvel why it should be deemed necessary for a man to say, in connection with them, that he is, notwithstanding, still a believer in the divinity of Christ and in the fundamental truths of orthodoxy. But when a man has been driven by misconception and misrepresentation to defend himself, we are glad to hear such a sane, fair, and safe statement of belief pertaining to modern critical research as we find in the editorial utterances of Dr. McFarland. The time has come when our teachers and young people need to be taught that there is one sort of Higher Criticism which carps at miracles, seeks to eliminate the supernatural from the Bible, and fancies it can tell by inspection of Genesis, for example, who wrote the first chapter and in what age it was written, and in like manner who wrote the sixteenth verse of the fourth chapter, and how many centuries later that section was composed; and there is another sort of Higher Criticism which is reverent, loyal to Christ, and yet anxious to find out all that can be known concerning the structure and history of the different books of the Bible. Our young folks need to be taught to discriminate between these two schools of criticism, and to learn that any man today who indiscriminately launches forth assaults on Higher Criticism speaks at random, and is, to say the least, not entitled to any respect as a teacher in regard to that particular subject.

Meeting at the Top

IN the course of a bright and interesting sermon preached in the Union Chapel at Cottage City, on a recent Sunday, Rev. Edward Evans, of Foxboro, who took as his text the words of Paul found in 1 Cor. 12: 12, declared that the great mistake that the churches have made during the centuries has consisted in placing the centre of Christian unity in the head rather than where

Christ placed it—in the heart; for the Master said, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one toward another." In illustration of the fact that to differ in doctrinal beliefs need not mean personal estrangement between believers, the preacher told the story of two Scotchmen, both members of the same kirk, who could not precisely agree with regard to the matter of election. So estranged were the men that they would not speak to each other. If they happened to pass in the street the one, looking down, seemed to be studying geology, and the other, looking up, to be scrutinizing the stars. Now it happened that both men were "thatchers," that is, they thatched cottages, and being one day employed on opposite sides of the roof of the same cottage, and working from below upwards, they found themselves pretty soon in the embarrassing predicament of coming face to face at the ridge-pole. Presently the awkward silence was broken by the voice of one man who said: "Sandy, mon, our theology must be like this 'thatching.' We begin in our thinking at a distance from each other because we are lower down, but we meet at the top!"

A good deal of theology which may seem very various when viewed on a lower plane of thought meets at the top, as men come nearer to their God. And even where theological conceptions are logically so contradictory that they do not finally coincide in the synthesis of a higher formulation, those who hold them, if true to the practical duties of Christianity, and full of the grace of Christ, will become united in the blessed fellowship of the higher life. It is often said that all Christians pray alike. The heart's language toward God is one the world over. The higher men rise in practical experience of the wonders of grace the nearer in all essential unity they come one to another. Like Sandy and his fellow thatcher, they meet at the top.

How the Hymn was Saved

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, one of the great musicians of the world, and the organist of Westminster Abbey since 1875, gave without stint his skillful and generous services to the Wesleyan Hymn Book Committee in connection with their task of preparing the new Hymnal just issued in London. He was in doubt about some of the old Methodist tunes, and was disposed to keep them out of the new book. One evening in session with the committee on the subject at his home one of these tunes came up for consideration. He expressed his doubts on the subject, and it came out in the discussion that he had a good Methodist cook in his employ. The suggestion was made that if he could hear the hymn as the Wesleys used to sing it his doubts would be dispelled. He went to the dumb waiter which led down to the basement kitchen and asked for the cook. She answered the call at the foot of the "lift." He asked her if she knew the tune. "Yes, she had sung it ever since her childhood." "Will you sing it for me, just where you are?" "I will try, sir." And the cook lifted up her voice, with fervor and soul-power. The old hymn, with all the pathos and rousment of a revival service ringing through the words and melody, rang up through the "lift" and into the room where the distinguished musician and his select company were assembled. They listened in silence and with hearts that were attuned in one. When the song was ended the great organist said, "Thank you, Mary," and then turned to the committee, with the remark: "We cannot afford to drop that good old Methodist tune out of the new book." And in it went.

And when the new hymn-book was published a handsome copy of it—a presentation volume—went to the cook in "The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey," the residence of Sir Frederick, as a tribute to her for the part she had taken in preserving one of the old-time Wesleyan lyrics.

PERSONALS

—Rev. E. S. Lewis, D. D., of Columbus, O., was in Boston last week for a few days.

—Rev. Dr. George S. Chadbourne's address, delivered at the Old Home Week celebration at Somersworth, N. H., is highly commended by the local press.

—Mr. Raymond C. Ricker, a graduate of the University of Illinois, class of 1900, sailed from San Francisco, Cal., by steamship "Doric," Aug. 15. He is to teach in West China.

—Mr. Everett O. Fisk and his brother, Dr. H. F. Fisk, of Evanston, and other members of the families, who spent several weeks in Nova Scotia, returned to Boston last week.

—Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D., late pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, who has for some time been seriously ill in a hospital at Toronto, Canada, is recovering.

—Two important professorships in Gammon Theological Seminary are vacant—that of systematic theology so long held by Dr. Parks, and the chair of Greek and exegesis held by Dr. Murray.

—Prof. A. F. Caldwell, of Illinois Wesleyan University, a frequent and highly appreciated contributor to these columns, has been elected to the chair of English literature in De Pauw University.

—In a note received from Rev. Dillon Bronson, dated at Berlin, Aug. 6, he says: "Expect to sail from Venice to Patras, Sept. 10, spending September in Greece, October in Palestine, and November in Egypt."

—Rev. Dr. J. D. Pickles, of St. John's Church, South Boston, was made an honorary chaplain of the Kearsarge Association of Naval Veterans, marched with them in the naval parade, and spoke at their after-parade banquet.

—Dr. Marcus D. Buell lectured twice at the East Maine Conference Ministers' Institute, which met at Northport, Me., Aug. 8-13, his subjects being, "Education as a Discipline for Real Life," and "Modern Methods of Defending the Faith."

—Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Short, of Jacksonville, Ill., parents of the wife of Rev. Julian S. Wadsworth, of Brockton, also her sisters, Mrs. J. D. Waller, of Chicago, and Mrs. Louise F. Short, of Peoria, are visiting her. It is the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Short's marriage. Dr. Short will preach at Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 25.

—The Northern Christian Advocate of last week contains a lengthy and generous tribute to Rev. Isaac N. Dalby, D. D., who died at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 15. Dr. Dalby was well known in the denomination. He came into public notice when for four years he was president of the Lucy Hayes National Training School for Missionaries and Deaconesses, at Washington, D. C.

—Dr. A. B. Leonard, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, is receiving many inquiries as to his health, these being due to misapprehension. The Rev. A. B. Leonard announced in the church papers as having suffered from heat prostration while preaching on a recent Sunday

at Port Huron, Mich., is a pastor in that city, and not the missionary secretary, who is in excellent health.

— Rev. Dr. Charles Roads, field worker of the Sunday School Union, made a welcome call at this office on Monday.

— Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Flewelling, of Newton Centre, returned last week from their vacation, spent mainly in Michigan.

— Rev. J. W. Morris, Ph. D., preached the annual sermon to the National Guards of South Dakota at their summer encampment in Hot Springs on a recent Sunday.

— Dr. C. W. Smith, of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, is one of a large party which is enjoying the delights of a vacation in the Iron City Club House on Georgian Bay, in Canada.

— Dr. Thomas A. Goodwin, "Nestor of Indiana Methodism," is still lively at eighty-five, up to his ears in reading proofs on a new book, "The Indiana Prohibitory Law of 1855."

— Rev. C. W. Gallagher, D. D., president of the Lucy Webb Hayes National Training School for Missionaries and Deaconesses, in Washington, D. C., called last week. Dr. Gallagher is stopping for two weeks in New England.

— King Edward has approved the appointment of Dr. William Osler, a professor in Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, to succeed Sir John Burdon-Sanderson.

— Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D., is greatly improved in health and vigor as the result of a season's rest at his cottage in Cottage City. A good judge who heard him preach at Vineyard Haven on a recent Sunday said that he was fully up to his best preaching ability and power.

— Rev. L. H. Dorchester and family, who have been several weeks at Cottage City, have returned to St. Louis. In a note received from him, Aug. 19, he speaks of a reunion of the Dorchester families at Cottage City, Aug. 20, and says: "All but one of the family will be here tomorrow."

— The 100th anniversary of the death of Barbara Heck, the founder of Methodism in America, was commemorated last week by a large gathering of Methodists from the United States and Canada, at her grave, in Blue Church Cemetery, on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, three miles from Ogdensburg, N. Y.

— Rev. George E. Burnham, a local elder, died at Stowe, Vt., Aug. 13, aged 67 years. Before he began to preach he was an engineer on the Passumpsic Railroad. For nineteen years he supplied churches in the Vermont Conference, mostly on the St. Johnsbury District. He was a man of God, and every charge was helped by his labors. He leaves a wife and two sons.

— Rev. J. O. Thompson, D. D., a superannuated member of the New England Southern Conference, secretary of the Board of Agriculture of West Virginia, living at Charleston, W. Va., called at this office last week in company with Rev. J. H. James of the same Conference, the well-known temperance worker. Both are Grand Army veterans, and were attending the Encampment.

— The *Epworth Herald* of last week observes: "Bishop Berry presided over his first Conference in good style. A correspondent from Douglas, Wyo., writes: 'The first presidency of Bishop Joseph F. Berry—that of the Wyoming Mission—has given great satisfaction. As it was predicted he would, Bishop Berry has carried with him from the editorial chair into the episcopacy the same intense interest

in young people, the same evangelistic zeal, the same strong and beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice. His morning talks and Sunday sermon both filled and thrilled the people.'"

— Information from Dr. S. F. Upham received as we go to press states the encouraging fact that "he is slowly improving."

— Secretary W. P. Thirkield was in this city on Monday. He had been stopping a few days at the camp of his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. W. I. Haven, at Bear Island, Lake Winnepesaukee. He was heard at the Wells Camp-meeting with much interest.

— Rev. Thomas H. Hagerty, D. D., of St. Louis, well known as Chaplain Hagerty, shared in the G. A. R. week in Boston. He has the look and bearing of the true soldier. The Chaplain preached on Sunday evening, Aug. 21, at First Church, Temple St., to the delight of those who heard him.

— The Earl of Ranfurly, who is visiting Boston, has for the last seven years been governor of New Zealand, a position in which he has displayed great ability and force, and made himself extremely popular. When it was known that he was to retire as governor, the New Zealand papers were filled with expressions of regret, covering pages, at his departure.

— Rev. Joseph E. Williams, presiding elder of Chehalis District, Puget Sound Conference, was elected president of the University of Puget Sound by its board of trustees at their meeting on July 28; and Rev. Leon E. Bell, who has been associate president of Vashon College, has been elected vice-president and professor of philosophy in the University of Puget Sound.

— Gipsy Smith is now at Durban, South Africa, and after his missions at East London and Port Elizabeth he expects to sail from Cape Town about Sept. 21. "I shall be grateful," he says, "for some rest when I get home, for I am feeling the strain of the two winters coming together, and the traveling and the extra work out here." A public welcome will be given to him in the second week of October in one of the largest London halls.

— Rev. and Mrs. William B. Scranton, their two daughters—Miss Augusta and Miss Max—together with Dr. Scranton's mother, Mrs. Mary F. Scranton, sailed from Vancouver by steamer "Empress of Japan," Aug. 15, for Korea. Mrs. M. F. Scranton re-enters the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and Miss Augusta Scranton will teach English in a school in Seoul. Dr. Scranton was one of the pioneers of our work in Korea, having gone out in 1885, his last return to America having been in 1901.

— Bishop and Mrs. William F. Oldham sailed for England, Aug. 13, by steamship "Campania." After a couple of weeks' stay in England, they will continue their journey to India, where Bishop Oldham will hold the South India Conference before going to Singapore, his episcopal residence. There sailed on the same steamship Rev. A. E. Cook, returning to South India after a year's furlough spent in the United States, and Miss Nora Belle Waugh, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Waugh, veteran missionaries to India, who is going out to teach in the Wellesley Girls' High School, at Naini Tal, India. Miss Waugh was a member of the class of 1900, Ohio Wesleyan University.

— Rev. Jens Joakim Christensen, treasurer of the Denmark Mission, and superintendent of the Mission from 1889 to 1904, died at his home in Svendborg, Denmark, July 29. Mr. Christensen had been connected with mission work in Denmark

since 1873, at which time the Mission had but four circuits and a total membership of 422. There is now a total membership of 3,407, with twenty centres of work. His Conference membership was first with the Wisconsin Conference, then with the Northwest Norwegian Conference, then with the Norwegian Danish Conference, from which he was transferred to the Norway Conference in 1894. His membership continued in the Norway Conference until the Denmark Mission Conference was constituted in 1900. He was appointed superintendent of the Denmark Mission in 1889 by Bishop Fowler, after the death of the former superintendent, Rev. Carl Schou. He has been pastor of various charges, editor for considerable periods of our Danish church paper, the *Kristelig Talsmand*, lecturer before the theological classes of our Denmark Theological School and for a time in charge of the same, and presiding elder of Copenhagen District.

— Rev. John W. Wadman, for fifteen years connected with our Mission in Japan, has been appointed superintendent of the Japanese and Korean Mission in Hawaii, and pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Honolulu. He is preparing to leave for his post and expects to sail from San Francisco, Sept. 10. His family will remain in Delaware, Ohio.

— Miss Margaret Matthews, a California University young woman, daughter of Rev. Dr. W. S. Matthews, presiding elder of San Francisco District, has been appointed traveling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association for the colleges of New England, and henceforth her headquarters will be at 167 Tremont St., Boston. Boston Methodists will give this new helper among us a hearty welcome.

BRIEFLETS

The annual meeting of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. will be held at New Haven, Conn., Oct. 11-13. Fuller announcement will be made in later issues.

John Morley is quoted as saying, in a recent address, that he sometimes doubted whether the educational systems of England and Scotland "tended to promote that liberty of mind which, after all, was the great mark of distinction between a really educated man and a man who is only half educated."

Mr. C. R. Magee of the New England Depository has laid upon our desk a copy of the "Discipline, 1904." It is a little larger than that of 1900, containing 463 pages, beside the index, as against 434 of the last issue. Of course it is well edited, as is everything which Bishop Andrews does. Ministers and laymen should secure a new Discipline immediately. Price, 25 cents; postpaid, 30 cents.

Ground was broken for the new gymnasium at Tilton Seminary, Monday, Aug. 22. Charles A. Bailey, a member of the official board at Suncook, is in charge of the work. So many more applications than usual at this date have already been received from students, that an extra dormitory has been secured and is being rapidly filled.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *British Weekly*, is of the opinion that the evening newspapers of England outside of London exercise a tremendous and growing influence on the English people. He even thinks it quite possible that the evening papers, both as guides of opinion and

sources of revenue, will become more important than many morning papers. There is reason to think that a somewhat similar movement is in progress in this country. A large class of people have more time to read at night, after the rush of the day's work is over, than in the morning when hastening to shop or office.

As a model of typographical neatness and beauty, as well as for the strength and attractiveness of the program of services, we commend to favorable attention the folder announcing the "Fifth Season—Sterling Epworth League Assembly, Sterling Camp-ground, Aug. 24-27."

General Booth, founder and head of the Salvation Army, is making a Gospel tour through England by motor car. The *Methodist Times*, referring to the novelty, says: "Parallels are naturally being drawn between this modern tour and John Wesley's preaching journeys. The spectacular effect of the aged General employing the latest invention of science to spread

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A WEEK IN MAINE

ON Thursday evening, Aug. 11, the editor, accompanied by his wife, stepped on board the palatial steamer, "City of Bangor," of the Eastern Steamship Company, at Foster's wharf, Boston, bound ultimately for the camp-meeting at Littleton, Me. There is scarcely any trip out of this city that will bring more in the way of refreshing change and rest on a heated day in summer, than to go to Bangor on this line. The steamers are very fine, having all needed accommodations, and the meals served would gratify the most fastidious. Rockland is reached by daylight. Then comes a delightful sail up the Penobscot—our Hudson River—its shores on either side fringed with the deep green of forest or field, with the white houses of the characteristic Maine village appearing at intervals. We were happy to find as companions on the steamer Rev. Dr. G. M. Hamlen and wife, those indefatigable gleaners for Mallalieu Seminary at Kinsey, Ala. For fifteen years they have been doing patient and successful work for this institution. When they took hold of it the school was broken up, the students scattered, the unfinished school building was burdened with a debt, and the board of trustees was discouraged. After looking the ground all over, visiting the people in various directions, and becoming acquainted with their real necessities, spiritual and mental, Dr. Hamlen proposed to work for one year for \$350. The second year his trustees proposed to pay his traveling expenses, which he allowed them to do. Among the results achieved the school building is freed from debt and furnished, and there is a plant valued at \$20,000, with an endowment fund of about \$8,000. Last year was the best in the history of the school. The Emeline S. Hamlen Industrial Home for Girls had last year 67 girls, only six of whom could pay the full price of board—\$3.50 per month. Some paid \$2, some \$1 per month; many could pay nothing. For the girls and boys of the South Dr. and Mrs. Hamlen are pleading. Only \$40 will pay the necessary expenses of a girl in the Home for a year.

At Northport Camp-ground Dr. James Mudge came on board. He is taking his first real vacation for many years, visiting for two weeks the Maine coast, and going up and down its principal rivers. We have asked him to tell our readers about this new and delightful experience, and he has consented to do so.

We have one day in Bangor, at that hos-

pitable and very satisfactory hotel, the Bangor House. The State of Maine is famous for good hotels, but we have rarely found one more comfortable, homelike and satisfactory in all its appointments than the Bangor House, with rates at \$2.50 and \$3 a day. We are saying this for the benefit of our readers solely. We paid our bill as any guest would, and with no mention of the fact that we had any relation to a newspaper. To any people in our city and suburbs who desire a few days' vacation at a comparatively small expense, we suggest a trip to Bangor. Out of that city by trolley and by small steamers delightful daily outings can be made.

Aroostook County

From Bangor we took train for Littleton, the first stop beyond Houlton. Aroostook County, larger than the State of Massachusetts, is remarkably interesting. It is a very fruitful farming territory, peopled on the whole by excellent stock, pervaded with the old time religious spirit. There are many families possessing wealth and giving to their children the best of educational privileges. Potatoes are the staple crop at present, and on almost every farm a field of from five to ten acres may be seen. There are some lots of ten, fifteen and twenty-five acres, and in one case forty-five acres.

The camp-meeting at Littleton is largely attended, and by people of all classes. It holds for three Sundays and two weeks. If the Sundays are pleasant, there will be on the ground from 5,000 to 8,000 people. Rev. D. B. Dow, presiding elder of Bangor District, is in charge, and directs the campaign with marked wisdom and success. Preaching the Gospel faithfully and garnering the fruitage therefrom, with children's meetings and much attention to good singing under an excellent leader, is the work done at this camp-ground. The presiding elder of Bangor District, which includes this immense county, has enough to do to keep him busy. He averages 2,500 miles of travel every quarter, and preaches from six to eight times per week in schoolhouses and churches. Dr. M. C. B. Mason, of the Freedmen's Aid Society, was present Sunday, the 14th, and preached two masterly sermons in the afternoon and evening. His visit was greatly enjoyed.

Northport Camp ground

We returned to this famous and favorite summer resort to participate in the exercises of Young People's Day of camp-meeting week, Aug. 15 to 20 inclusive. Our faithful Methodist ministers find it increasingly difficult to maintain the religious interest here at their annual gatherings. The great majority of the people who throng this place are here for a vacation, and, as is perhaps natural, take little or no interest in, and do not feel any responsibility for, the meetings. On this account Northport suffers religiously, like Old Orchard and Cottage City. An Assembly Institute for five days preceded the camp-meeting, and was wisely arranged and ably directed by Rev. Dr. W. J. Yates of Bangor. Dr. Yates is making a large and useful place for himself in the East Maine Conference.

On Young People's Day, in the forenoon, Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., of Williston Congregational Church, Portland, delivered an eloquent and very fitting address upon "The Mission of Young People." Dr. Baker is so able on the platform and in the pulpit, so apt, forcible, and withal so brotherly, that he is especially appreciated by our Methodist ministers and people. He is to speak at four camp-meetings in Maine for Methodists.

In the evening Rev. S. A. Bender, D. D., of Bucksport Seminary, delivered a

thoughtful and inspiring address upon "The Worth of Manhood." Rev. L. L. Hanscom had charge of the services during camp-meeting, and directed them with commendable sense and good taste. These brethren, as we have said, are trying to hold the fort at Northport religiously against increasing odds, and deserve the hearty sympathy and support of all who can assist them. The venerable and much-loved Rev. Seth H. Beale, of East Maine Conference, nearing his 90th birthday, was present and in the Spirit, as was his daughter, known for her good works, Miss Anna C. Beale, superintendent of the Jersey City (N. J.) Deaconess Home. Rev. I. H. W. Wharff, D. D., is general executive and conservator of the interests of the ground, and is characteristically obliging and helpful to his brethren.

As we got on board the steamer at Northport for the return trip, we were surprised to find that Dr. Mudge was again a passenger. He had been to Bar Harbor and other places of interest, and was quite enthusiastic over his experiences; but we will not take his story out of his mouth, but permit him to tell it himself in his more attractive style. Rev. W. W. Ogier, of Bangor, was on board, going to Camden, where he is camping for a little. Rev. C. Garland, of Hampden, was going to Boston for a few days of much-needed vacation. He told us that Rev. D. H. Tribou, D. D., Chaplain U. S. Navy, who is at Hampden for the month of August, is improving in health. Rev. T. F. Jones, presiding elder of Rockland District, was a very interesting guide, pointing out the objects of interest on either side of the steamer. He delivered an address at the Assembly Institute at Northport, which Dr. Mudge heard and highly commended. These ministers of the East Maine Conference are devout, faithful, self-sacrificing men, and it is always an inspiration to meet them.

Wicked Misrepresentations

There was but one feature, or revelation, of this week in Eastern Maine to mar its enjoyment and profit, and that was to learn that some busybodies had sown our church deep with misrepresentations concerning Boston University. We are constrained to state the facts in order that we may present a corrective for the suspicions, doubts and misgivings which so largely exist. It has been represented that the University has gone over theologically to the Unitarian position, and that heads of departments and leading professors hold the Unitarian view of the person of Jesus Christ. Now such serious allegations call for plain and unequivocal response; and hence, as we are able from personal knowledge to make it, we say that such charges are wholly untrue and with no foundation whatever in fact. Neither the head of the University, nor a dean of a department, nor a professor, holds what is known as the Unitarian view of Christ. There is absolutely no foundation for these wicked reports which are affrighting many good people. The University is theologically sound and unequivocally loyal to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has no desire, much less any purpose, to change its foundation. Will not our readers take up this matter and help to repudiate the great wrong which is being done the University? We challenge contradiction to the statement which we have made; and if any Methodist minister in New England is still in doubt, he owes our University—his University—the obligation to come to Boston and make a personal and thorough investigation of the case before he gives further circulation to reports, which are so unjust, misleading, and harmful.

THE GRAND ARMY IN BOSTON

THE Grand Army of the Republic — never grander than it is now in its heroic battle with the advancing years and the fast-increasing infirmities of old age — received a most hearty welcome and was the recipient of abounding hospitality at the hands of Bostonians the past week. Once again under the shadow of the State House the heroes of the Civil War were reviewed by a Massachusetts Governor, and once again in the hospitable homes and hostleries of Boston fought over reminiscences the battles of that sanguinary conflict.

Beginning with Saturday, Aug. 13, the Grand Army men kept pouring into the city, some of the Posts being lodged at the Vendome and other fine hotels, while many of the less fortunate comrades revived hard memories of their soldier days by camping out on the floor of reception halls hastily extemporized as bivouacs. Everywhere in the city "the badge that money cannot buy" was proudly borne on the breasts of modest heroes who were ready enough to talk of the fights they were in, but not to boast of their own deeds on the battlefield.

On Monday, August 15, a fine exhibition of modern militarism in its various forms was given, the assortment of paraders comprising naval apprentices from the training squadron, young "tars" from the warships, naval militiamen, Sons of Veterans, ex Union prisoners of war, and veterans of the Mexican and Spanish wars. The marching column made an imposing picture.

Many thousands of people took advantage of Monday, also, to visit the warships in the harbor, which included, as types, the heavy battleship, the fast cruiser, the protected cruiser, the training ship, and the torpedo-boat destroyer. Imposing as were the "Massachusetts" and "Columbia," the chief interest of the harbor display lay in the grim-looking frigate, "Hartford," Farragut's famous flagship, rebuilt and repainted, with modern rifled guns looking out of the old portholes from which at Mobile Bay the antiquated "smooth-bores" spoke their fiery message to the Confederate forts. Brilliant was the illumination of the warships, as befits the glorious history of the American Navy, and many were the visits paid to the Navy Yard by admiring Grand Army men and their families, to whom the warships for the time being were freely open.

The high-water mark of the Grand Army celebration was reached on Tuesday — the day of what will always be remembered by Bostonians as

"The Great Parade,"

viewed by perhaps a million people. The enthusiasm on this occasion of the crowds of spectators knew no bounds. War in itself is hell, but almost all men love a soldier, and the fact that a Peace Congress is to meet in Boston in the fall could not prevent the crowds from cheering till they were hoarse the valiant veterans. At the head of the column, which formed in the Back Bay section and marched to the State House — where it was reviewed by Governor Bates, who had with him as his guests Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, Lieut.-Governor Guild, ex-Governor George

S. Boutwell, ex-Governor W. Murray Crane, the Hon. Henry C. Lodge, and the members of the Executive Council — rode the soldierly and popular General John C. Black, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army. After General Black and his mounted staff marched 26,000 men, veterans both in name and years, yet still "the boys" in blue — the "gray and the blue" being united in the whiteness of their locks and the blue of their uniforms. Instead of rifles, for the most part they carried canes and flags, and in place of knapsacks a "grip" or a lunch-box was here and there to be seen.

It is impossible to put into print the inspiration and boundless enthusiasm of this splendid parade. The ranks of the Grand Army are thinning fast, and whereas, in 1890, 40,000 veterans marched through the streets of Boston, in 1904 but 26,000 were in line, and the route covered was but half as long as it was in 1890. But the same spirit of devotion to country and of gritty determination to do their best swayed the surviving Grand Army men. Regardless alike of the heat and the rain, forgetting their ailments and infirmities, the "old boys" strode — or tottered — along, many of them kept up only by their indomitable will. There were literally "marching miles" of heroes of Chickahominy swamps and Wilderness jungles, of Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and other battlefields. The scene was indescribably thrilling. On Commonwealth Avenue the formation of the detachments, marching "company front," was more perfect, and the step of the veterans more full of spring; but when the narrow and winding streets of the business part of the city were reached, the formations were somewhat broken up, under pressure from the immense surging crowds which almost swamped the marching columns. At the corner of School and Washington Streets it was difficult to march even in columns of fours. The veterans themselves seemed almost overcome by this tremendous ovation from the enthusiastic crowds. So great was the crush that many were overcome, and the young stretcher-bearers marching in the columns were frequently called up to bear off some weakening veteran, while the attendants in the ambulance cared for many fainting women.

Personnel of the Posts

To a spectator standing on the curb there seemed no end to the veterans, as their ranks proudly swept along. There were many minor differences in their appearance, however, which to a close observer proved of interest, and relieved the pageant of monotony. The contrasts in style between the "dude" Posts — such as the Rawlins Post from Detroit, and the Posts from Salem and Washington, D. C., whose members were clad in immaculate attire, including black frock coats and white clerical ties — and the roughly dressed rural Posts from Indiana and Nebraska, were marked; and indeed the Western armies never affected the military style nor attained the "finish" of the Army of the Potomac, while fully equaling, if not excelling, the Eastern commands in downright grit and go. In the marching column of Tuesday were

many men still young, erect, and careful of their military carriage, while most of the veterans, too bent or worn to attend much to manual or alignments, were simply and gloriously happy in the fact that they were able to get over the ground at all. The latter manifested a cheerful disregard of the refinements of military maneuvering, which recalls the unconscious humor of "Abe" Lincoln's sole attempt to drill a military company, when, approaching a narrow gateway, and ignorant of the proper military order to give, he shouted: "This company is now dismissed for two minutes, after which it will reform on the other side of the fence!" So on Tuesday there were officers who, forgetful of the niceties of the old tactics which went so well between the Potomac and the James, would indulge in such unmilitary suggestions to the following files as: "Stretch out a little!" "Turn to the left!" Yet there was one word of command which not one of the officers had forgotten, and to which the men in the side streets, weary of waiting for a chance to get in the parade, responded with alacrity, and that was, "Forward!" "F-o-o-r-w-a-r-d!" — how the old soldier likes to prolong the notes of that electric word which once took thousands of fallen comrades of the armies of the Union, who now sleep at Arlington, or in unmarked graves in the Wilderness, or along the route to the sea, into fearful battle! Differences indeed there were in the Posts and individuals forming the long parading column, for some Grand Army men have thrived since the war, while others have scarce kept out of the poorhouse; some have developed in force and character, and some have visibly retrograded; some are famous, while many are unknown. But one thing is true of those 26,000 men, from General Black at the head of the column to the last hobbling private at the rear, and that is the fact that they all hazarded their lives to the death for the country's sake. Minor differences dropped out of sight in the presence of that supreme, unifying patriotism. What thrilled the watching crowds was the thought that every one of those men had been under fire, and besides had dared the more perilous peril of the miasmatic swamp or snow-bound bivouac. Devotion to duty — that, after all, was the one tune to which all those "Boys in Blue" went tramping by.

What a picture was that of Tuesday! Long lines of blue, marked almost every few yards with National and Post flags — the precious old tattered battle-flags being tenderly borne along in the front of the column — swung almost jauntily along the avenues of Boston, but halted every now and then, giving the populace lined along the curb a chance to chat a moment with the joyous veterans. There were bands galore, and all the favorite tunes of forty years ago were played over and over again. There were tunes to make you laugh, such as "Yankee Doodle;" tunes which made some of the old soldiers dance, such as "Maryland, my Maryland;" and tunes that made you cry, like "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," and "Annie Laurie," which the British soldiers loved to sing in the trenches of the Crimea. There were famous army

musicians there, like "Chelsea Joe," and drummers (now grayhaired), who beat the "rat-tat-too" as vigorously as they sounded it once, when boys, in the valley of the Shenandoah or in the thickets of Virginia. One post — from New Bedford — carried an English drum captured at Bunker Hill.

Grandly impressive as was the sight of the proudly moving columns of the veterans, even more pathetic and inspiring was the thought of the comrades who did not come back from the war — who by the sacrifice of their lives formed the background for the spectacle of Tuesday, who caught and sheathed in their breasts the bullets that missed the men whom Governor Bates reviewed, and who died that these might live, and that the Union might be preserved.

Some of the more infirm veterans rode in carriages, and others reviewed the parade from a stand in Winthrop Square. One poor fellow, whose lower limbs are paralyzed as the result of terrible wounds received in the war, was by willing hands drawn over the route of march in a kind of combination cot and carriage. He wore his soldier's cap and blouse, and was one of the most happy-hearted of the great throng. In the parade the armless sleeve was frequently in evidence, and here and there a plucky "vet" swung along on crutches, or hobbled stiffly on with a wooden leg.

War songs mingled with martial strains as the long blue column wended its way through the densely crowded thoroughfares, and indeed throughout Grand Army week the bystanders were quick to join in the choruses, "Rally Round the Flag," "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," and especially "Marching through Georgia." A popular paraphrase of the latter song was that supplied by one of the Boston papers, which ran:

"Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Boston."

The focal point of the

Pathetic Pageant,

and the spot where the enthusiasm blazed out most gloriously, was at the great stand on Tremont Street, where 2,000 children, dressed in red, white and blue, formed a "Living Flag" — a popular feature that was admirably worked out under the superintendence of Mrs. L. S. Wadsworth. The children sang patriotic songs, and were in return cheered to the echo by the old soldiers. Some of the commands halted by the "Living Flag" as if spellbound, and moved on at last only in response to imperative orders, and then very reluctantly.

While it would be invidious to specify special commands for complimentary mention where all were animated by a common devotion and patriotism, there were some Posts that particularly attracted the attention of the crowds. Among these were a Post from the District of Columbia wearing huge black bearskins, the band of forty musicians of the Civil War, the Ladd and Whitney Post of Lowell, a Post made up of veterans from Virginia and North Carolina,

Lafayette Post of New York, and several Boston Posts. The colored men, too, came in for their full share of the honors of the parade. Very striking was the appearance here and there of an old sailor, clad in the flowing uniform in vogue in the days of the Civil War, once blown upon by the breezes off Fort Wagner, Cape Hatteras, and the blockaded shores of the Carolinas. The tall and stalwart Vermonters, each wearing a sprig of green — sample survivors of the famous "Green Mountain" regiments — made a noble appearance. Large applause was also given to the commands from across the Mississippi and from the Pacific Coast. The Zouaves in their picturesque uniforms received a rousing greeting. From Kansas came a "sunflower brigade," one of their Posts shouting in chorus, when they reached the reviewing stand:

"Kansas, O Kansas!
The land of renown,
Birthplace of freedom,
And home of John Brown!"

Humor, too, mixed with the pathos of the occasion. That the people of Boston might see what a New Jersey mosquito looks like, the veterans from Newark carried in the parade two huge gilt figures of mosquitoes. Florida, the alligator State, was represented by a Post carrying large palms, and escorting a live alligator in a cage mounted on a standard. In the ranks of Abraham Lincoln Post of Charlestown marched a line of men, all of them more than six feet tall, and each with a letter on his breast, so that the whole line spelled "Bunker Hill."

Along the whole route from Commonwealth Avenue through Beacon, School, Milk, Devonshire, and Summer Streets, Temple Place and Tremont Street to Park Square, the

Greatest Enthusiasm

prevailed, and the different Posts, whether preceded by splendid bands or only a fifer and a drummer, were greeted with that warm cordiality which is characteristic of Bostonian hosts. None thought to criticize the sometimes ragged alignments, none asked who those men now are in peace, but the one prevailing thought was of their unselfish devotion to the Union, and of what those men were in war. The veterans themselves were quite overcome by the reception accorded them. Utterly weary with their marching, and hardly able to restrain the welling tears, they were almost too happy to talk, and hardly knew whether they were actually still in the flesh, or marching with invisible comrades, gone now to join the vast majority, along dreamy vistas of ghostly campaigning. And many a tired veteran, almost carried out of the body by the exhilarations of the day, might well have made his own words of Stonewall Jackson, who, when they laid him, wounded to the death, under the shade of the scrub oaks in the hot Wilderness, murmured, mixing in one blurred vision heaven and earth, Paradise and the Rappahannock: "Let me cross over the River, and rest under the shade of the trees!"

Tuesday evening a

Monster "Camp Fire"

was held in Mechanics Hall, attended by about 5,000 veterans. The program

planned by Secretary of State Olin, was largely musical, and hugely enjoyed by the old soldiers, the key-note of the occasion being one of joyous comradeship, such as the boys who went out in '61 enjoyed in hours at leisure in camp. A feature of the "camp fire" was the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Adah C. Hussey. Camp-fires were also held that evening in various other halls. The 2d Massachusetts Regiment, which was badly cut up in a charge at Gettysburg, held its reunion in Wesleyan Hall.

The beautiful illuminations on the Common and Public Garden attracted the crowds, and the gilded dome of the State House shone finely with its triple crown of lights. In the shadow of the State House a colored man, guitar in hand, was singing weird songs, the refrain of one of which was: "It takes me back to slavery days!" Long into the evening the war songs echoed out into the streets from halls or hotels, while here and there a Post marched through the still crowded thoroughfares to the music of an irrepressible brass band.

On Wednesday the actual delegates to the Grand Army, numbering about 1,400, met in Symphony Hall at 10 A. M. A letter of regret from President Roosevelt, who was unable to review the Grand Army, was read. The annual address was delivered by General John C. Black, who declared that the Grand Army owes it to the foreigners who flock to the shores of America "to let them know how high should be the character and how ample the preparation of those who seek the privileges of citizenship." The report of Adjutant General Partridge showed that the members of the Grand Army in good standing on June 30, 1904, numbered 246,261 — a net loss in the year of 10,249. The majority of the old soldiers who were not accredited delegates to the convention spent Wednesday in renewing their army friendships, enjoying the many attractions offered for their entertainment, and visiting historic spots about Boston. A water carnival on the Charles River at Waltham in the evening drew a large throng of sightseers.

One of the principal events of Wednesday was the launching in the afternoon, at the Navy Yard, of the training-ship "Cumberland." An interesting incident connected with the launching was the circumstance that an old sailor who was on the original "Cumberland" when it went down with its colors flying in Hampton Roads hoisted the flag on the new ship.

A very important part of the exercises of Grand Army week was the meeting of the

Woman's Relief Corps

— a noble auxiliary organization of the Grand Army — which began its sessions in Tremont Temple on Wednesday. Mrs. Fanny E. Minot, of New Hampshire, was elected president. Mrs. Mary T. Hager, of Illinois, was elected national president of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic. Other ladies' organizations met in different halls, and the Sons of Veterans held their convention in Faneuil Hall.

On Thursday, General W. W. Blackmar, of Massachusetts, was elected

Commander-in-Chief, in succession to General Black. The delegates devoted the afternoon to an automobile excursion to Lexington and Concord, the parade of motor cars being by far the largest ever seen in this section of the country. Some of the cars went to Lexington over the historic route followed by Paul Revere, and others went by the way over which the British marched to Concord. In the evening an elaborate electrical parade delighted the veterans and other visitors. Many historical and allegorical floats had been constructed, and with their brilliant blaze of lights afforded one of the prettiest spectacles of the whole encampment.

The women of the W. R. C. held a big camp-fire in Mechanics Hall, and had their own ceremony of "trooping the colors." Governor Bates and General Blackmar were received with great enthusiasm. Miss Adah C. Hussey sang the "Star Spangled Banner." In a noble speech Governor Bates said that while during the past few days there had devolved upon him the most delightful occupation that could come to man—that of welcoming the men of the Grand Army from all over the Union—he found a still more delightful occupation in greeting the host of patriotic and self-denying women of the Woman's Relief Corps. He told how when the Ohio Senate was in session and a messenger rushed in to announce that Sumter had been fired upon, it was the voice of a woman in the gallery that was heard crying: "Glory to God! Glory to God!" And how when the men of the 6th Massachusetts were fired upon in the streets of Baltimore, it was a Massachusetts woman who first demanded admission to the police station to nurse the wounded. "It is impossible to measure the value of the services of woman throughout the conflict," said the Governor, who concluded his remarks with a fervent, "God bless you all!"

The next Encampment of the Grand Army will be held in Denver, Colorado, in 1905.

G. A. R. Notes

—With the big Vermonters marched Senator Redfield Proctor, who was recognized and warmly greeted by Senator Lodge from the reviewing stand.

—"We ought to have a State song!" was the muttered comment of a Yankee spectator, after hearing, "Maryland, my Maryland" played bewitchingly.

—Mrs. Thomas Brownell, who was an army nurse, marched briskly beside her husband. She was garbed in semi Zouave uniform, and accompanied in the parade fifteen representatives of the New York Zouaves.

—Many humble heroes passed in review whose deeds were as knightly and as useful to the country as any performed by their more conspicuous comrades. Every man should have worn a big placard stating: "I am so and so! I did big things here or there! I am the hero of so many battlefields, and this or that prison!"

—The Zouaves in their picturesque uniforms received a rousing greeting, which would have gladdened the heart of the famous Ellsworth, could he have reappeared and witnessed the picture and heard the resounding plaudits.

—Booker T. Washington occupied a place on the reviewing stand near Governor Bates. This was eminently proper, as

Mr. Washington's race had so much at stake in the issues of the war, and Booker is leading his people out of a moral slavery to a new freedom.

—Philip Schuyler Post 51 of Philadelphia, known as the "Lamb," were well uniformed, and made a handsome appearance. They were preceded by a lamb as their "mascot," led by a little girl by the name of Carrie Dryburgh.

—With the West Virginia Division in the parade was carried along the famous Custer cannon, which fired salutes at various points. This cannon is made up of relics of the Civil War, and was presented to the division a few years ago, at Washington, by Mrs. Custer.

—"Corporal Tanner," otherwise known as Judge Advocate General James Tanner, rode with General Black's staff, but was transported in a carriage because he lost both his legs in the war. Still full of patriotism, and in spirit at least a whole man, he was a marked personality.

—Ex-Confederate General J. B. Castleman said: "We used to think that we were pretty good shots in the Confederate Army, and we always had an idea that we shot a few of your people from Massachusetts; but it is evident to me today that quite a number of them escaped our bullets."

—"I've come fifty miles to see the tops of some flagstuffs pass by in the distance, over the heads of several thousands of people. Now I'm going back that fifty miles and try to figure out whether I'm a fool or a patriot!" was what a disappointed visitor said who did not know how to "sight-see" a parade.

—Colonel B. F. Hawks, from Illinois, a classmate of General Grant at West Point and one of the original founders of the Grand Army, eighty years old, with long, flowing white locks, marched like a young man in the parade. He says that he "will never die." We suppose that they will have to shoot him at the resurrection.

—Commander G. G. Burlingame, of the Brookline Post of Cleveland, wore his old uniform, even to the tattered black slouch hat, antiquated knapsack, and battered canteen, and carried his service musket, from the bayonet of which was suspended a tablet, reading: "As Mustered Out in 1865."

—Chelsea Joe, whose real name is John McMahon, late drum-major of the 18th Massachusetts Volunteers, who led the ex-musicians of the Civil War, with his flowing white locks presented a striking appearance, as with jaunty step he led his forty musicians by the reviewing stand, and waved his hat and wand at Governor Bates.

—The Cumberland Association of Naval Veterans wore on their badges the legends: "Don't Give Up the Ship!" and, "A Few Left!" The hearts of the populace warmed to the old men who had fought under Farragut, and are still stout-hearted and of indomitable will, but who may soon "lose the number of their mess."

—Francis Murphy, who is a member of the "dude" Lafayette Post of New York, is a veteran of two wars, having seen service across the Mexican frontier and also in the Rebellion. In both of these conflicts he received medals, and, despite his years, marched with as proud a mien and firm a step as did the men of the later war.

—One of the most interesting of the many reunions of Grand Army week was that of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, which was held in Faneuil Hall. The 1st Maine claims to have lost more men in the aggregate than any other of the 2,047 Union

regiments in the Civil War, and to have lost more men in any one engagement than any other regiment. A monument at Petersburg, Virginia, stands on the spot where in the siege of that city 850 men of the regiment went into an engagement and in ten minutes lost 604 of their number.

—Many of the old soldiers could not keep time to the music, but marched with a step that was hardly regular or cadenced. But then, one of the best soldiers that ever lived and fought—General U. S. Grant—never could keep time to music. He did not have in him the sense of rhythm, but he possessed nevertheless the genius to conquer.

—The Michigan Department made a fine appearance as it passed along in the parade, and the playing of the superb tune, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" by a full band, was splendid. Somehow that tune, with the words which are now associated with it, seemed entirely appropriate to the occasion and to the memories of the Civil War.

—On the badges of one Post was inscribed the motto, "*Aut Viam Inveniam Aut Faciam*" ("Let me Find a Way or Make it"). One of the bearers of these badges explained to a reporter that there was a Latin scholar in his regiment, who had given that motto to the organization. The U. S. Marines also have a Latin motto: "*Semper Paratus*" ("Always Ready").

—The members of the Boston Woman's Christian Temperance Union came in for deserved praise for their success in giving the Grand Army men a truly generous and Christian welcome. The perspiring "vets" were thankful to obtain a drink of cold lemonade along the route. The local Union employed nearly 200 workers and maintained six refreshment stands. It also distributed 20,000 souvenirs.

—It was a pity that whereas nearly all the business houses of Boston closed on Tuesday in response to the Governor's suggestion, the saloons were not patriotic enough to do so, but did quite a rushing business at the expense of some—yet happily comparatively few—of the old soldiers.

—The oldest veteran of the Civil War, and one of the most picturesque old soldiers in Boston, was Loring Loker, of Chelmsford, who will, if he lives, be 94 in January. He was in some of the hardest battles fought in the Virginias, and was one of the first Union soldiers to enter Petersburg when it was captured. Mr. Loker held a kind of reception at the grand stand on Beacon Street while the parade was passing.

—Several "Comrades" were observed studying a lurid picture of the battle of Antietam displayed in a window, showing the famous bridge in the foreground. "Seems to me there ought to be a Dunkards' church up there on the hill!" remarked one of the veterans. A by-stander rejoined: "You see they didn't have kodaks in those days, and these cuts are not accurate!" The veteran acquiesced in this observation, but seemed a bit sad at not finding the little Dunkard church, near which his command had come through at Antietam, in the picture which hung in the show window.

—Secretary Morton (of "Who is Morton?" fame) arrived at the Navy Yard on the "Dolphin," Wednesday morning, and was received with full naval honors. The gray-haired captains of the ships in the harbor at once paid their dutiful respects to the fair-haired young civilian secretary, who is but a novice in naval affairs—one of the anomalies of American political procedure. Secretary Morton in the afternoon honored the launching of the "Cumber-

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THE ETHICS OF GESTURE

REV. W. L. WATKINSON, D. D.

"A worthless person, a man of iniquity; he walketh with a froward mouth; he winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he maketh signs with his fingers." — Prov. 6: 12, 13.

GESTURE, and sounds which stop short of language, suffice to carry on the often exceedingly delicate and complicated affairs of the whole of the animal world. Without anything that can properly be called speech the creatures communicate with each other, signifying by manifold signs whatever they may feel or desire concerning themselves individually, or touching the welfare of the commonwealth to which they belong. By mysterious attitudes, movements, contacts, and cries they effect all that which in human communities is mainly accomplished by language. This is true of insects, bees, birds, and animals throughout all their spheres. Remembering this fact, it is seen that the possibilities of gesture in social intercourse are practically infinite. Gesture has ever figured largely in human society. As Richard Jefferies writes: "Speech in its inception was as much expressed by the flinger as the tongue; perhaps the fingers talked before the mouth, and in a sense writing preceded language. . . . To this day it is common for the Italian peasantry to talk with their fingers; a few syllables suffice, illustrated and emphasized by those dexterous hands."

A More Subtle Meaning

is thus conveyed than could be put in words." The mobile Orientals, with their fire and histrionic sense, make of gesture a fine art; our Continental neighbors are experts in the tricks of dumb oratory; and although we stolid English are constitutionally shy of anything like dramatic action, yet we are more pantomimic in our intercourse than we might at first suspect. All day long some contraction of the muscles, contortion of the body, or modulation of the voice dispenses with speech — illustrates, supplements, or denies it. A look, sniff, sigh, chuckle, giggle, grimace, nod, cough, nudge, smile, or frown is in constant request to help out our language, to give it point, or to become a substitute for it. It is marvelous how quickly we discern gesture and decipher its significance. No instantaneous photograph or cinematograph more swiftly seizes and records obscure motion than do we the subtlest attitudes, looks, and tones of our fellows. And of the extreme effectiveness of gesture we are all aware. We see this specially in the actor, preacher, or pleader, but in the average man also it attains wonderful efficacy. Men lie less in gesture than they do in any other way; it is nearly always the action of sincerity, and therefore possesses a lucidity and power that rarely attend speech. Gesture is a serious fact in life to be considered and disciplined.

How much evil can be wrought by it! The "crookedness of the mouth," of which the text speaks, may effect serious mischief. We may ruin a man's reputation in the mouthing of his name. "He winketh with his eye." There is often a whole encyclopedia of wickedness in a wink. The Arabic proverb prays: "O God, pardon to us the culpable winking

with the eye," and we might justly introduce that petition into our litany. It is an ignoble freemasonry. We wink one another into plots, swindles, and profanities — lightning heliographs which often blast like lightning. So again we pour cruel contempt upon men by that singularly expressive act of turning up the nose. And what may not a look effect! A single glance sometimes determines a life. Indeed, the

Human Face is a Magazine of Signals

ready at a moment's notice for purposes of good or evil. We may well talk of a "speaking countenance." Tragedy, comedy, and farce are there, and nimble nerves make of the features an ever-changing source of varied and magical influence. "He speaketh with his feet." He scrapes with his feet, draws them backwards and forwards on the ground in order thereby to give a sign to his confederates. Spurgeon liked to preach from a platform because, as he said, there was abundant eloquence in a man's legs, of which he liked to get the benefit. Yes, much is signified by the way in which a man sets his foot down; there are sermons in our shoes, omens of evil also. "He maketh signs with his fingers." The deaf and dumb are masters of these finger exercises, but hardly more so than the workers of iniquity whose hands are full of sinister suggestions and signals.

And there are other tricks by which a mischievous soul expresses itself and reaches its ends. We have said that a man's face may tempt, beguile, and destroy without a word being spoken, but a man's back is almost as suggestive. Speaking of the study of physiognomy, Schopenhauer suggests: "One could perhaps discriminate from behind between a blockhead, a fool, and a man of genius." Certainly we discover much of the

Moral Character of Men

by observing on what they turn their back, and this negative attitude is used in various ways to influence others to their hurt. Says a witty Frenchman: "It is wrong to speak ill of any one; a shrug of the shoulders will do as well." In "Never Too Late to Mend" occurs this passage: "You see, a respectable man can do a deal of mischief — more than a rogue could. A shrug of the shoulders from Meadows had caused the landlord to distrain. A hint from Meadows had caused Merton to affront George about Susan. A tone of Meadows had closed the bank cash-box to the Fieldings' bill of exchange, and so on." In many other ingenious ways do we affect our neighbors for good or ill by attitude and gesticulation. The lifted eyebrows hinting surprise, the finger on the lip enjoining silence, the tongue in the cheek charged with ridicule, the wave of the hand declaring scorn, and the curled lip which without moving expresses contempt, may all be wicked, fateful signs.

Let us remember that this more covert part of life comes within the range of our responsibility, and for it we must give account. If there is not a word in our tongue but God knoweth it all together, if He knows our thought afar off, He will not permit these acts of innuendo to pass as mere dumb show without purpose.

God is not mocked. The magistrate cannot take cognizance of a scoff, a shake of the head, a threatening glance, or a corrupting wink; he cannot arraign us for a gesture however suggestive and vicious, and this may be the chief reason why

Muscular Hieroglyphics

are so popular; but God will bring all this sinister by-play into judgment. His system of reporting is exquisitely delicate; He snap-shots all our signs and hears all our whispers; He has the key to our clever codes and ciphers; and the fierce light will be turned upon the unspoken thought and ideograph which earthly tribunals may not judge. "Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance." There is only one way to preserve ourselves from this iniquity, and that is to keep our heart right with God. Whatever we really are enters into our life, whether we design it or no, and remorselessly betrays us; we neither come nor go, nor sit down, nor get up, nor hold our tongue, nor move about, but our real character is betrayed. Let our spirit be that of our adorable Master, and then in every act, word, and posture we shall show forth the praise of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvelous light.

London, England.

NOTES ON TRAVEL IN EGYPT AND SYRIA

IV

REV. WILLIAM W. GUTH, PH. D.

THE streets of Cairo

make a far different impression than those of Alexandria. The multitudes of people crowding the thoroughfares, whether on foot, in a carriage, or on a donkey, carry the unmistakable evidence of a metropolis, even though the scene is Oriental, and strange sights and sounds press upon eye and ear. We soon found ourselves very comfortably settled in a hotel opposite the large public park, *El Ezbekiyeh*, and had an ever interesting and varying view from the windows.

Our intention was to push on to upper Egypt at once, so as to avoid the heat as much as possible. As we arrived on a holiday, however, on which no banking business was done, we were forced to remain more than two days before proceeding southward. The events of these two days we shall relate later. We might state here, however, that we had not walked the streets of Cairo an hour before we felt just as much at home and secure as we ever did in a European city. Everywhere we heard French, German or English, the latter of course predominating, and experienced no annoyance or difficulty whatever from dragoman, peddler or donkey boy. In fact, we enjoyed being accosted by the latter, for their ready wit and good nature are always a source of amusement. They would address us, for instance, in English. Receiving no reply, they would use French, and then German. Still receiving no reply, they would run ahead and, turning, say, with absolute assurance: "Oh! I know you're American." In offering their donkeys they would say: "You ride my donkey, his name Roosevelt" — or Corbett, or Fitzsimmons, etc., my companion finding herself on a donkey once who answered to the name of "Whiskey straight." It

they happen to think you are German, they will offer you their donkeys to the names of "Bismarck" or "Prinz Heinrich." I asked one of the boys (they are from twelve to thirty-five years old) where he had learned English. He answered, evading the question: "I learn English for my business." "What is your business?" "Donkey boy, just donkey boy." He was not more than fourteen years old, but he showed evidence of faithfulness to the demands of his "business" which was worth emulating.

The dragomans now and then were insistent on pressing their services upon us. A determined answer was usually sufficient to turn them away. One followed us for two days every time we left the hotel, usually saying: "If you do not accept my services, you will be bothered by every dragoman in Cairo." At last I said to him: "You have said that to me several times, but you are the only man who has bothered us." "I have bothered you, sir?" he answered, as if grieved. "I will do so no more," and was off at once. An acquaintance who was annoyed considerably by a dragoman for several days, finally said to him, more in jest than earnest: "If you do not get out of here and stop bothering me, I will give you a good thrashing." The man turned away with great strides, and, when a little distance off, said, without stopping: "Is this the way you want me to go, sir? Good by."

Night and Day Railway Travel in Egypt

The Nile was too low for navigation, so we were obliged to use the train. To avoid the heat of the day, and also save time, we traveled at night. A train leaves Cairo three nights a week, consisting only of sleeping cars and a diner. These are managed by "Continental," i. e., Europeans, English being the "current" language. The cars are better than our Pullmans or Wagners, being divided not into sections with a curtain at night, but into staterooms of comfortable size, with one or two single beds and a wash-room for every two staterooms, this latter being closed to the occupants of one stateroom when used by the occupants of the other. The cars are built on the Continental plan, and, being heavier than the American, sacrifice speed for comfort. They are so arranged that very little dust can find its way through.

The train leaves Cairo at 5.30 and reaches Luxor at about 9 the next morning. Those going on to Assuan have an hour and a half to wait (which time can be well spent in visiting the Temple of Luxor) until the train, on a narrow-gauge track, is ready to leave. The train arrives at Assuan a little after 4 o'clock. Here, riding through the heat of the day, one gets the full benefit of the Egyptian sun. The dust finds its way into the cars through every tiny crack or opening and falls in a steady shower, covering floor, seat and passenger with a mantle of grayish white; the flies crowd in thick, and defy the constant switching of the "fly-chasers," made of palm-fibre with a handle of more or less beautiful bead-work, which the native has had little difficulty in inducing the traveler to buy; the sun beats down on the top and the side of the car, and sends back its reflected heat, which one can almost feel through the floor of the car, from the ground beneath. We were vividly reminded of our boyhood days, when we would almost suffocate ourselves under the folds of a rudely improvised tent pitched out in the glaring sun on a hot summer's day, rather than be comfortable under the shade of the near-by trees. Those days we could enjoy, or at least thought so then — probably because we could (and did) get under the trees when we wanted to; but now, with

almost six hours of enforced "roasting," the trees which here and there appeared on the banks of the distant Nile seemed tantalizingly inviting.

There was but little comfort looking out of the windows on the hot sand at the landscape. The desert has almost undisputed control of the whole railway line. Now and then the Nile winds near the road-bed, but not often. Few trees are seen, hardly any vegetation, although sometimes a wide fertile plain relieves the monotony. The interest of the ride centres about the stations, of which there are many and at every one of which a stop of some minutes is made. Here the natives crowd around, some idly curious to see the train and its occupants, others to beg, the rest to sell curios, "antiquities" (for the most part manufactured by the Kopts, the only Christian sect among the native Egyptians), bread, fruit, anything which leads them to the hope of drawing a few piastres from the tourist's pocket.

Just before Assuan is reached the train passes along the banks of the Nile and through a beautiful palm forest. A cooling breeze is stirring; the green of the palm, the blue of the water, the buff of the hills on the opposite shore, fill one with the inspiration of sightseeing among ancient scenes and ruins, and the heat and dust of the long ride just ending are soon forgotten. We were in

Assuan,

with the Island of Elephantine and the broadened Nile before us, and the first Cataract and Philæ not far away. It was too late to do any sightseeing other than strolling up and down the one main street along the river's edge. We were quite content to sit on the low veranda of the hotel, and in the cool of the evening watch the sun sink slowly behind Elephantine and the distant hills. The water line in the shadow of the island was a deep purple; the island itself was in a haze of deepest blue. These colors softened as the sun neared the horizon, and harmonized strikingly with the red and brown of the hills and the yellow of the sky. The sky line itself was rimmed with a narrow fringe of bright gold, above which extended the tops of two palm trees on the island. The Hand that blocked off the outlines of the picture was bold as never hand was bold, and the richness and depth of color at His command led Him to lay on unsparingly, knowing the result could only be harmony, and the effect inexpressible wonder. The air was perfectly still. Soon the weird and peculiarly pitched voice of a muezzin calling to prayer on a distant minaret awakened us to the fact that an effort was being made to worship God in another way. A devotee appeared on the broken wall of an old Roman structure near the shore, and, in full sight of all who cared to look, answered the call of the muezzin, and prayed to Allah, "the one God." His back was turned away from the manifestation of the grandeur and glory and omnipotence on the opposite hills and island. He was bowing and murmuring to a fanciful creation incapable of worship and irresponsible to supplication.

Night closed down with the setting sun. There was no afterglow. The darkness seemed intense — an intensity, however, due to the extreme clearness of the air, which, with the help of a thousand lights in the unclouded sky, made it possible to distinguish, as well as feel, the nearness of the water, the island, and the hills.

— To take life as God gives it, not as we want it, and then make the best of it, is the hard lesson that life puts before the human soul to learn. — Anna R. Brown.

THE NEXT STEP — A WORLD CONGRESS

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

AS sin is inevitable without there be self-control and reverence for law, war is inevitable unless there exist world organization. Within the last century two of the five steps towards the world's organization and permanent peace were taken. The first was the establishment of representative constitutional government in every State of Christendom except Russia, together with the unification of the little Italian States into one kingdom and the little German States into one empire. Every such voluntary union of small entities to form a larger union means a broader area in which a common coinage and free trade promote neighborliness and peace. Only representative governments can be trusted to enter into world organization if the liberties of nations are to be preserved. While invention has been increasing the deadliness and range of weapons, the growing spirit of democracy has been building better than it knew and laying unconsciously the foundation for the world's peace.

The second of the great steps toward peace was the establishment of the Permanent International Tribunal — the dream not only of Channing, Sumner, Burritt, and the Americans whose advocacy of it made Europe call it the "American Plan," but which was also the dream of French savants and German philosophers more than a century ago. The organization of the world, however, is still unstable when it is sustained by only one leg. It needs two legs. It requires not only an International Court, but an International Congress which shall make international law by which the court shall settle the nations' controversies. This, too, is no new scheme, but is as old as that of the World Court. As far back as 1837 the Massachusetts legislature actually petitioned Congress to call a conference to consider it. Three years ago a Massachusetts journalist, Raymond Bridgman, entirely ignorant of the act of 1837, presented a petition to the legislature asking it to send a similar petition to Congress. A modest little report of this noble and far-sighted effort appeared in the papers and attracted far less attention than would some petty theft or bit of scandal. I read it with delight, but said, "Of course the legislature will laugh at it; he is in advance of his time." However, the legislature did not laugh, and referred it to the next year's session, when, after a hearing and favorable report, without one dissenting voice, the legislators of both houses sent the petition, accompanied by a letter from the governor, to Congress. After the presidential election it will be acted on, if the American people tell their public servants in Congress that they want it granted.

What does this petition ask? Nothing new in principle, nothing startling or costly. It asks Congress to authorize the Executive to invite the governments of the earth to send representatives to a conference to arrange for an International Advisory Congress to meet at stated periods. International Congresses are nothing new; there were thirty-three during the last century. Only six of these occurred before 1865. The earlier ones were for polit-

ical purposes — settling questions left by the Napoleonic campaigns, preparing for the independence of Greece, settling questions left by the Crimean war, etc. Nearly all the later ones have dealt with the large permanent interests of the nations in their relations to each other — with money, commerce, slavery, navigation, sanitation, quarantine, penology, the postal service, arbitration, sugar bounties, intercommunication, etc. More and more have these congresses become quasi-legislative, treaties and conventions being based on their recommendations. International relationships are increasing with such enormous rapidity, and steam and electricity have made the globe so shrunk in proportions, that unregulated, haphazard methods are becoming more and more wasteful and dangerous. Nations must needs unite for the common weal in regulating common interests.

What would such a Congress mean? The sending every three or four or five years, as might be agreed upon, to Brussels or Geneva or some other little capital, a well-selected body of men, say one for every two million or three million people represented. This august body of three to five hundred distinguished statesmen would meet from day to day upon committees and in general sessions for six or eight months. As fast as they arrived at some decision it would be referred to their respective governments for ratification, and when ratified would become part of a body of international law which would be binding on those nations which had ratified. There would be no compulsion about such a Congress; no nation would be bound by anything except as it voluntarily chose to be so. Uniform weights, measures, and coinage, the settlement of disputed boundary lines, even tariffs, and gradual proportionate disarmament, would be among the questions that doubtless would be discussed within the first fifteen years. The cost of such a Congress would simply be the paltry sum paid in salaries to representatives — less than the cost of running one battleship for six months in time of peace.

The benefits would be incalculable. The daily contact with each other for a half year of so many highly-trained diplomats and jurists in friendly conference would help banish local prejudice and national conceit. It would help mightily to make men realize that God hath made of one blood all peoples upon earth. It would appeal to the sentiment as well as the reason of the world. It would help settle those difficult problems which, left unsettled, breed war and misery. The rights of small nations would be even better protected than they are today when, by concert of powers, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland are protected. No nation has anything to lose, and all have much to gain, by the establishment of this counterpart or complement of the Tribunal.

No act of President Roosevelt's would serve so well to perpetuate his fame to future generations as the calling into being a World Congress. The President is ready to act as soon as our Congress gives its sanction. There is no more earnest body of Christian workers in the country than the Christian Endeavorers, and they are signing petitions all over the

land, today, and will present a monster one to Congress at the next session, urging it to take the initial steps in this next great line of progress toward world organization. Had this Congress been established contemporaneously with the Permanent Tribunal, the sickening slaughter and devastation in the East, which accuses the whole civilized world of delay and negligence, had been avoided.

Boston, Mass.

CANADIAN METHODISM

"SIGMA."

Organic Church Union

THE amalgamation some twenty years ago of the various branches of Methodism in Canada into one church, and a similar consolidation of the Presbyterians, has had the very practical effect of a much larger proposal which is now under discussion by the leading officials and the rank and file of the two churches just named. So evident and gratifying have been the results secured by the two union movements referred to, that the greater question of organic union of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of Canada is now engaging the very serious consideration of the three churches concerned. Preliminary conferences, composed of the leaders of those churches, have been held, when this far-reaching proposal received a very earnest and most favorable consideration.

At the Presbyterian General Assembly, held in St. John, N. B., some time ago, a representative committee of sixty was appointed to confer with similar committees of the other two churches. At the meeting of our General Conference special committee a few weeks ago, a committee of sixty, representing every department in all the Conferences throughout the Canadian Methodist Church, was appointed, and the Congregationalists have also elected a strong representation. The three committees are to meet some time in October or early in November, when the basis of union will be formulated. A more important assembly than this has not been called together for many years. To such a corporate union as is now contemplated there are difficulties, serious difficulties, but we are convinced that the obstacles are not insuperable; the combined wisdom of the churches interested, animated by great Christian impulses and under a gracious providential direction, will prove equal to all the demands which such a proposal involves. One very remarkable feature of this great scheme of organic union is found in the fact that it does not owe its initiative to the younger men of the several churches concerned, but to the councils of the men of age of the most extended observations and ripest experience in the religious history of the churches to which they belong. It is a striking fact that Rev. Dr. G. M. Grant, one of the foremost men in the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and a man of national influence, strongly advocated such a union twenty years ago. It is also significant that the same three churches have for some years been discussing the matter of organic union in the commonwealth of Australia. We await with profound interest the results of the deliberations of the committees, to whom for the present the whole matter has been remitted.

Present Membership

Rev. G. H. Cornish, General Conference statistician, reported the other day that the membership of the Canada Conferences is now 299,873, including probationers. This

shows a net increase of 3,436 on the previous year; for the year 1903 it was 4,542, making a total for the first half of the present quadrennium of 7,978.

Pressing Need of Our Northwest

The tide of immigration continues to flow with increasing fullness into the vast country lying west of Winnipeg. Tens of thousands of people are every year settling on those magnificent plains, and the churches are making great efforts to provide the new comers with the Gospel. Forty additional ministers were sent by our church last year to meet the unceasing demand, and yet we are informed by our corresponding secretary of missions for the Northwest that there are thirty vacancies which must be filled, and he is calling with Christian urgency for young men, intelligent, educated, devoted to the service of God and humanity.

Missionary Income

Word comes from our Mission Rooms that the total income for last year will reach about \$342,000 at least. This means an increase of \$12,000 over a year ago. This is exceedingly gratifying when it is borne in mind that the income of a year ago made that year the banner year in our missionary receipts. There is great activity at our Mission Rooms in Toronto at present. A new campaign in missionary literature has been initiated, and plans have been perfected for the getting of that literature before the entire church. We are of the opinion that our missionary authorities are doing in this direction a most important work. Let the people be furnished with the facts connected with our missionary work, let the subject of Christian stewardship be presented in its Scriptural aspects, and we are not afraid of lack of interest and support in the missionary undertakings of the church.

Our Dr. Withrow

One of the most influential men in Canadian Methodism is Rev. Dr. W. H. Withrow, editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine and Review* and of the Sunday-school periodicals of the church. For some thirty years he has made the magazine a pronounced success, and it was never so attractive and successful as at the present time. The Methodism of this continent has no monthly magazine that can boast of thirty years of continuous history, and Dr. Withrow is to be congratulated on the high-class work he has himself contributed and the most wonderful enterprise he has displayed in securing such splendidly illustrated articles as adorn its pages from month to month.

Show It Now

EDWARD COURTNEY once said: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to my fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." The men who have served their fellowmen the best are those who have most cheerfully sacrificed for their good. They may not have been beloved by their generation — for the thoughts and aims of the good are often beyond the grasp of the masses for whom they toiled — but they have planted the harvest. Humanity is not unkind. Nature is not forgetful. As rains filter into the earth, so do the philanthropies of the noble-hearted sink into generous soil, and out of that soil there will spring forth the gladness of the Lord. God never allows any good to go to waste, and so if you have any kindness to show, show it now. — *Exchange*.

THE FAMILY

PAIN'S MINISTRY

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

Pain hath its ministry — the tortured nerve
Another day may better purpose serve
Than wresting from unwilling lips a
groan,
Or turning happy sigh into a moan.

Pain hath its ministry — we only feel
Another's woes by what our own reveal;
An angel's heart with sympathy may glow,
Lips that have paled, alone, can say, "I
know."

Pain hath its ministry — when earth de-
nies,
We turn to Him who all our need supplies;
How near to God a soul may draw in
prayer
He only knows who has sought refuge
there.

Pain hath its ministry — the poor head
pressed
Against the bosom with its proffered rest
Of Him who knoweth all and loveth well,
Finds comfort that no mortal tongue can
tell.

Westport, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Over the blue sea broods the heat,
In faintest pulses the tired tides beat;
Over the sands, with the sun aglow,
Silent the cloud-shades come and go;
A white winged sail on the water gleams
Faint and far, like a ship-o'-Dreams.
The year's great Sabbath fills the air —
And languor and slumber are everywhere.
Then storm-winds rise: then breakers roar:
Then wrecks are tossed on the rocky shore!

— SARA ANDREW SHAFER, in *Outlook*.

So long as the Christian's landmark is
the personal Christ, the uncertainties and
conflicts of today need disturb him but
little. — *Patterson Du Bois*.

It is the man that makes the place. Per-
sonality is a stronger force than environ-
ment; Abraham would have immortalized
the Plain of Sodom, Lot would have left
Mount Moriah in its native obscurity. Lot
chose the rich plain for the reason that the
ox chooses the rich pasture, and he has had
the ox's reward; he is browsing there still.
— *George Matheson, D. D.*

"See here, Polly Button, don't be hank-
erin' for the Mount more than is good for
you. It is just as plous to hanker for the
carpenter's bench when the 'carpenter's
bench' is the next duty. God gives me my
vest makin' six days, and He's given me
these Youngstart twins for the seventh.
He know crosses are good for me." — *Mrs.
Charlotte F. Wilder*.

Men may not know how fruits grow, but
they do know that they cannot grow in five
minutes. Some lives have not even a stalk
on which fruits could hang, even if they
did grow in five minutes. Some have never
planted one sound seed of joy in all their
lives; and others who may have planted a
germ or two have lived so little in sunshine
that they never could come to maturity. —
Henry Drummond.

Life is exceedingly complex; it has many
ingredients. Sweet herbs, aromatic herbs,
soothing herbs, must be tithed for the mix-
ing. Let us aim to make people not only
wise and good, but comfortable, and give
them what is not only wholesome, but rel-

ishing. Let us guard against the "omis-
sion or careless performance" of the little
ministries, while we observe faithfully the
weightier matters, lest the untithed mint
and anise and cummin draw forth the
reproving word, "These ought ye to have
done." — *Julia H. Johnston*.

This world is too full of sadness and sor-
row, misery and sickness; it needs more
sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which
radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who
will lift and not bear down, who will en-
courage, not discourage. Who can estimate
the value of a sunny soul who scatters
gladness and good cheer wherever he goes,
instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody
is attracted to these cheerful faces and
sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy,
the morose, and the sad. We envy people
who radiate cheer wherever they go, and
fling out gladness from every pore.
Money, houses and lands look contempti-
ble beside such a disposition. — *Standard*.

Diligence makes days short and life long;
dalliance makes days long and life short.
How slowly, how heavily, pass days of
laziness, yet how short and worthless a life
made of these always seems! Short and
quick-footed are the days which go by full
of worthy pursuits. Long seems the life
like Gladstone's or David Livingstone's,
made up of these busy, short days. Re-
member that it is not with long days, but
with length of days, that Scripture says
there is satisfaction. Long days are the
days that are wasted or lost in pettiness;
length of days is the possession of those
whose days still live in the fruitfulness of
their accomplishments. If any man would
have a long life, let him fill his days until
they seem short; if any man has a short
and worthless life, it is he whose days are so
vapid and empty that they seem tedious
and long. May you have short days and a
long life! — *S. S. Times*.

Out of his mysterious wrestling Jacob
comes limping, but he comes forth as a
limping prince — his name no longer Jacob,
the supplanter, but Israel, spiritual po-
tentate in the kingdom of God. Upon
shrunk strength he leans, no longer
smart enough to steal from his brother, or
to circumvent his uncle, but all this shrink-
ing is of the false bigness, and it is into a
weakness which from the higher level
shows as strength. At last Jacob is a true
man, at last his life is real. All artifice, all
sham, all duplicity, all low cunning, have
disappeared, consumed by the fire of that
awful and glorious hour in which he met
with God. Into this hour Jacob went a
smart, shrewd, successful commoner, and
out of it he comes a true, fair nobleman.
Prostrate in the darkness at Jabbok's ford
— conquered by the might of his loving
Antagonist — he has heard the voice of
this same Antagonist saying unto him,
"Stand up, Sir Knight," and he has arisen
into place and honor and glory in the fam-
ily of the great King. Forth from his
crucial hour he comes limping — but with
a royal limp.

So our world of sham and unreality is
full of princes whose finest decoration is
their limping gait. Their outward life has
been maimed, but their inward life has
been ennobled. On shrunk sinew walk
they for the remainder of their earthly
days, but from the high table-land of im-
mortality God and angels behold in their
gait the carriage of the prince. Into the
dark night of fear and of loss, into the
darker hour of sorrow and bereavement,
they have gone, and, after long wrestling
hours with the living and the true One,
they themselves have come forth true, and

alive with the life of God. The sifting hour
of the deep experience has smitten them
down into the consciousness of weakness,
into the consciousness of shame, but their
consternation and their suffering have been
the travail pains of a new birth. Unto
each one of them also has the great King
spoken to say, "Stand up, Sir Knight,"
and they have stood up — out of their low
smartness, out of their shrewd self seeking,
out of their self-complacency, out of the
mire of their success — stood up new men
and true! Oh, ye who have so won, even
through your defeat, rejoice in this defeat!
Oh, ye who have wrestled in the dark
hours unto your utter exhaustion, give
thanks for the surrender that was forced
upon you! Oh, ye who with limping gait
and straitened outward life walk forward
unto the eternities, rejoice in this, that the
inward life has been purified, that the
spirit has been ennobled, and that in God's
sight ye do now walk as princes! — *Rev. S.
S. Mitchell, D. D.*

To bear my share of ills
Without undue complaint;
In tolling on the hills
To lift them up who faint.

To spread hope where I can,
To give joy where I may;
To strive to be a man
Who shall be missed, some day.

To do my best and know
That if my best must be
But little, the world's we
Is not increased by me.

— S. E. Kiser.

HIS BODY AND HIS SOUL

EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

A face pox-pitted and evil browed,
Hid in the shade of a slouch rim'd hat —
With small, gray eyes, of a look as keen
As the long, sharp nose that grew between.

— *James Whitcomb Riley*.

THE house was elegant. So was the
front yard, in all but size. It was
a mere pocket-handkerchief of bluegrass
on either side the stone steps. The side-
walk was asphalt, and on it sat a little
child one lovely morning in June. She
was the three-year-old daughter of the
house, and with a tiny bucket and spade
she was playing in a mound of white
sand. At a front window, but invisible
from the walk, sat the mother, embroider-
ing, every now and then glancing with
interested eyes at the baby. Intent on an
intricate part of the pattern, she did not
notice that a man had paused in front of
the child, until she heard the little one
ask, "You po' man?"

Looking up instantly, she took in the
scene without attracting attention. The
man was thin, and his garments were
torn and soiled, his shoes quite ragged.
He was looking down at the baby with
admiration plainly written in the look.
His face was deeply pitted, and his fea-
tures were suggestive of nothing lovely.
Yet the baby was looking up at him
confidingly, and surely her voice had
held its little caressing note when she
had asked, "You po' man?"

"Yes, I'm a poor man," was answered
simply.

What little Francy saw in his ill-
featured face no one knows, but she gazed
up at him smiling, sympathetic, earnest.
"Francy sorry for you. Kiss me!" she
said. And her mother half arose from
her chair to call. But the invited kiss

was not to be averted. It seemed that the man glanced at every front window in a moment, then stooped and kissed the fair brow, straightening up immediately, a happy smile on his face.

"Sweet baby!" he said, snapping his fingers at her just as one does at a dog who has performed his tricks well. Then off he went, looking back at her. She sat still watching him, evidently thinking thoughts that angels give to little children. The mother called her, and she went hastily, eager to tell about the man who had kissed her on the forehead, though she "kept the sweetest kisses" on her lips.

The little one was taking her morning nap when the mother started off to pay a round of calls. Coming home some hours later, she found the place in a babel of excitement. The baby was lost. The servants were rushing about like things distracted, accomplishing nothing. Instantly the pox-marked, dust-begrimed man came into the mother's mind. He had stolen her baby! She was sure of it. The conviction frightened her so that she sank down in a limp heap, almost as a wet rag falls together when dropped. The baby had been gone fully an hour, they told her. They had been all over the neighborhood, and no one had seen her. They had not known where to find the mother, and no one had remembered the telephone so as to notify the father.

A bit of strength came to her at thought of the telephone, and going to it she thoroughly alarmed Mr. Wildon with her excited account of the disreputable-looking man who had stolen his child. Then she called the chief of police and gave him the particulars.

The telephone was in the hall, and as she turned from it she saw through the doorway a policeman's blue coat and brass buttons and a hospital ambulance.

She had removed none of her finery, and presented a diverting spectacle as she rushed down the steps, her tiny bonnet perched saucily over one ear. But she would not have cared had she known it. The policeman held up a hand warningly; but a dozen policemen would not have awed her just then. Hurrying to the ambulance, she looked in. Sure enough, there lay the man of her suspicions; and in the bend of his right arm Francy sat, quite contented, though sticking plaster covered a diagonal cut on her brow.

The man himself was a sight from which to shrink. Blood matted one side of his hairy face, and one sleeve was red-wet. No doubt he had fought when people tried to take the baby from him. Anger, indignant, hating anger looked out from her eyes to the recognizing, shrinking, small gray eyes of the man. The feeling that moved her was so strong that she could not speak, but stretched out her arms to snatch her child to her. They dropped nervelessly; for the policeman was saying in a tone unconsciously condemnatory:

"The child would have been brought home dead but for this man."

He carefully removed the baby from her place by the injured man, and ordered the driver to hurry as much as was safe to the hospital. Quickly, and with few words, he related that he had seen the accident from his window, he being off

duty. "The child," he said, "was walking between the rails on the trolley track near the corner of Birch and Green Streets. She was on Birch Street, and a car was coming towards her on Green Street. Of course the motorman could not see her, though he was ringing the gong. I saw her just as the car whirled around the curve, and I threw up the window to vault out, though I knew it was impossible for me to prevent the tragedy. But even as the window went up I saw what seemed a bundle of rags swoop down by the child and snatch at her. Then the car hid her from my sight. When I reached the place, I found that the man had lifted the baby out of the way, but that the car had struck him on the side of the face and body, causing him to drop the child, her forehead striking on a cobble stone. He was lying in the dirt where he had fallen, and some one in the crowd picked up the baby as I approached. No one knew where the child belonged, but the man said he knew where she lived, as he had seen her there at play early in the day. He could not tell the street or the house number, but insisted on directing the way—not far off, he said. I allowed it, as he did not seem badly hurt. Now that the child is at home, I will hurry after the ambulance. I want to see that the poor fellow is cared for extra well."

"As if I would let you!" Mrs. Wildon said, hysterically. "This is for us to do. Yonder comes Mr. Wildon now. He will go with you, and the man shall have the best there is!"

The varying excitements had been more than she could bear with dignity, and she was sobbing as her husband reached her, setting her bonnet straight the first thing he did.

The man did have the best there was. In order to attend to his injuries it was necessary to cut his hair and shave his face as best the barber was able, and when he and the nurses were through with their respective tasks, none of the man's acquaintances would have known him. Clean, and decently clothed, he seemed a fairer character.

From the first the physicians feared the worst, the blow on the side having injured him internally. So none were surprised that he did not gain in strength as the days increased. The Wildons saw him daily, often carrying Francy with them, her presence seeming his best cheer.

"She loved you the very first time she ever saw you—the time when she was playing in the sand," said Mrs. Wildon, one day. "And she loves you still."

She was alone with him at the time, and all day he had seemed freer from pain.

"Yes," he answered, gravely. "She loved me, unlovely. My father says God loves people in such state. I can believe it now."

Mrs. Wildon had become accustomed to the fact that the man used as good grammar as she did, but she was surprised at hearing him speak so calmly of God's love for us in our low estate. Then a great compassion moved her. Why should he be wicked because a wanderer, and poor? Why had she judged him? Even supposing that he had done evil in

the sight of God and man, did that render him all evil? Almost before she realized her intention, she had taken one of his hard hands between her palms.

"You have a big, good heart, I'm sure," she said. "The love of a little child could not have gone out to you, otherwise. And I am very sure a little one's love is most like God's, so quick to feel compassion and to want to comfort. A baby loses sight of all the bad for the sake of the good it sees, and so does God."

"I have heard even that about God before," he said, a fascinated look, conveying vague questions, in the gaze he bent upon her face.

She recognized the dumb questioning and wondered if he wanted some one to talk with him about the Being who is merciful. If so, now, this instant, was the opportunity, and she who had shown herself so unchristian was the one to whom he seemed to appeal. With only time to send one thought-call throne-ward, she said:

"Francy never leaves you out of her prayers. We have told her repeatedly how you saved her life, and it has made a deep impression on her baby mind. She seems to be thinking of it often when no one else knows she is doing it. This morning after she had said amen, she bent her head again and of her own accord said: 'Good man kepted car from mashing Francy; Francy want God to take care of po' hurt man.' I believe God listened, and is taking care of you."

"Yes," he said, "the baby's part is safe. But you see I know a little about God's laws. I know there is something I have got to do before He will forget my evil days."

"But you will do it! Somehow I feel sure of it," said Mrs. Wildon.

The man smiled faintly, as one does at a pleasant but secret thought. Then he closed his eyes, and his friend thought he was weary. She did not know his past, or how sweet to his ears was the sound of words implying faith in his better nature. As she watched his face she thought of the evident training his boyhood had received, and wondered at the wildness of his recent years. Suddenly she became conscious that his eyes were open and that he was looking at her with a calm eagerness in the look.

"I have thought a good deal since the baby told me to kiss her," he said. "The way she acted, and what she said, meant a great deal more to me than a person like you can understand. I had turned about, and was going back to my old home when, but a few steps ahead of the car, I looked up and saw her on the track. She started to life again the better part of me, and since I have been here with so many people showing me kindness, I have given up the bad altogether. I prayed just now, after you told me of your faith in me. And God has faith in me too, for I am sure I have a clean page on which to make a fresh record."

It was the first time in all her life that a soul but just new-born had looked through shining eyes at the soul of her being and had said that God comes instantly to redeem His word when one, penitent, calls to Him. What did it matter to her that the soul was shrined in a body at which men pointed in scorn?

What did it count with her that of this world's goods he possessed nothing? He might just as well have been a health-flushed boy, owning millions, and she his mother, for, with a face aglow, she bent down and kissed him, saying: "I am so happy about it!"

Then he gave her all his confidence, and within an hour a telegram was speeding on its way to a country parsonage. Though it told the gray-haired old man who received it of inevitable death, it also bore another message. So that, after reading aloud the telegram, his first words were: "Thank God!" Then: "Wife, we will both go to our boy at once!"

Atlanta, Ga.

IN AUGUST

The streams have shrunk, and lost their babbling tune,
And white dust powders every road and lane;
At morn "Queen Anna's lace" is spread to bleach;
At night is heard the crickets' drone again.

Shorn meadows green once more in suns and rains;
Blackberries ripen on their thorn-set bush;
The glory of the goldenrod appears,
And katydids disturb the twilight hush
The noons are tropic-warm, but evening feels
A prescient chill, foretelling autumn near;
The birds forget to sing as once they sang,
But harvests fill the promise of the year.

—EMMA A. LENTE, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Age of Flats

THE extent to which apartment houses are being erected in cities is one of the significant features of this age. Not only do business houses and office buildings soar skyward, but private homes and bachelors' quarters also sail away toward the moon. A generation ago, one dwelling house was built on five or ten city lots, a large lawn and garden space being deemed essential to ideal home life; but now the reverse is the rule, and from four to one hundred family apartments are built on one lot. The effect of this architectural revolution on real estate values and on domestic habits need not be told.

Those persons who invested heavily in city lots ten or twenty years ago, expecting a raise in valuation, are painfully conscious that "real estate don't pay." And as for families, well, no wonder that President Roosevelt found it necessary to raise an alarm over the question of race suicide. Squalling infants and noisy boys are not wanted in flats where even a whisper may disturb your neighbors through the thin partitions. Flats and families do not go well together, and as the flats must stay, the families, per consequence, must go. Few and fewer children will be born in these elevated quarters now called homes. Husbands and wives who are blessed with children must stay out of the flats, and those in flats to whom children come must move out. This is the mandate of modern architecture, but its effect on the future of the country has not been considered. Indeed, no weighty moral or civil issue is ever considered when it comes to the matter of financial investment and economical living. It costs less to build ten houses on one lot than it does to build ten houses on ten lots, and that is all there is to it so far as the landlord is concerned. Then on the tenant's side, it costs less rent and less fuel to live in

a flat than it does in a separate dwelling, so therefore the flat is chosen, and all secondary considerations must yield to the primary question of saving money.

Just where the craze for flats will end no one can foretell. It was thought some years ago that enough had already been erected to accommodate the preferences of childless families; but still these buildings are going up, and their apartments are being rented in most instances long before completion. But there is a limit somewhere, and when it is reached these stuffy little apartments, where it is a sin to have a child or to speak out loud, or to crave fresh air, may possibly become a drug on the market. — *Michigan Advocate*.

ABOUT WOMEN

—Miss Mary Pretty, employed in the patent office, who holds the world's record for rapid manipulation of a typewriter, has eclipsed all previous performances by copying 22,000 words in 7 hours. Her previous record was 20,500 in 7½ hours.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Geese, who died not long ago at Lewes at the age of 78 years, was the only woman gravedigger in England. On the death of her husband, in 1879, she was appointed to carry on his duties at the Lewes Cemetery.

—Miss E. Snedaker, of Denver, has propagated a new berry which she has brought to the attention of the Colorado Horticultural Society. It is the result of grafting the blackberry and the raspberry. The result is a long berry of the thimble shape, dark red in color. It is not firm enough to pack or keep any time, but the flavor is very fine.

—A sanitarium for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis has been opened in Denver. It was built by Laurence C. Phipps, in memory of his mother, and called the Agnes Memorial. There are five buildings in the mission style, in a tract of forty acres in a Denver suburb, at a height of 5,400 feet. It is for curable cases only, and can accommodate a hundred.

—The profession of nursing is held in high esteem in England. Many who are there classed as ladies — daughters of army and navy officers, especially — have gone into it. Trained women nurses are now a part of every British military expedition, and are sent out to the Far East and Africa in every troop ship, as necessary and important as the officers themselves. They receive the greatest consideration.

—Dr. Frances C. Williams, of California, has purchased and bonded every foot of coal land in the recently discovered Coaldale district. According to a report from Reno, Nev., she has organized a company with a capital of \$5,000,000 to develop the immense property. Coaldale is the only coal region in Nevada, and for some time past the railroad companies have been looking to it as their source of future supply. Now Dr. Williams is in full charge and they will be compelled to do their negotiating with her.

—Miss Woods, formerly of Boston, now a nurse at an Alaskan mission, is one of the heroines of peace. Word came to her of the epidemic of diphtheria among the Indians at Fort Yukon, 125 seized with the disease, 25 dead. Miss Woods started at once to the rescue, making a journey of one hundred miles by canoe. Her presence at Fort Yukon, Bishop Rowe writes, has been spoken of as that of an angel. There are no physicians at Fort Yukon, and very little in the way of food or medicines, and Miss Woods' relief work has been carried on under the greatest difficulties.

—Mrs. Archibald Little, the author of "Intimate China," "Marriage in China," and other clever books, is the only foreign woman to whom Li Hung Chang ever gave audience. Mrs. Little is at the head of a society for the suppression of foot-binding, which had made encouraging progress prior to the Boxer difficulty. She visited the viceroy who was then in Canton, and laid the plans of the society before him. He was much interested, told her that his mother had not been a "bound-foot" woman and subscribed \$100. Then with a twinkle of the eye he added, "Now, if you can in-

duce your women to stop binding their waists, I'll give you another \$100."

—Miss Pilar Zamora is of especial interest just now because she is in charge of the model school on the Philippine Reservation at the St. Louis Fair, and has been largely instrumental in the collection of exhibits for the educational display at the Exposition. She is a native Filipino, about twenty-five years old, a graduate from the Colegio de Santa Rosa, a Jesuit institution. After American occupation she took an English course, graduating in 1902, and assuming charge of the Santa Cruz school in Manila. Later she was transferred to the Manila Normal College. Miss Zamora believes thoroughly in having American methods and the American language instituted in the islands for the education of the natives.

—The wealthiest woman in the world is Miss Krupp, of Germany, who, on the death of her father in 1902, became the chief proprietor of the world-famed Krupp works at Essen. The heiress, who is barely of age, seems to have inherited some of the family capacity for industrial organization, for she takes the greatest interest and pride in supervising the great works, which supplies the world with so many of its guns. The schools for the children of her employees and the hospitals for the care of the sick receive regular visits from her. Miss Krupp's charitable disposition has become known to the general public in Germany, with the result that she receives over 200 purely begging letters a day, and over 150 letters a day entreating her to grant some position in the works to some worthy young man. Also her vast wealth and the ownership of an entire city make her a likely target for anarchists' bullets, and her guardians have insisted on her being constantly shadowed by a special corps of detectives.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE HOME-COMING OF THE GRUMPIES

IT was a very grumpy little quartet that looked out the car windows as the train whizzed along nearer and nearer Chicago every minute, and a discontented little wrinkle had even lodged between mamma's eyes.

The children were going home, and it was only the first of August. They had always stayed away other years till the first of September, and the good times at Mackinaw were just beginning, it seemed to them. But this year had not been a bit of a good year. Something had happened to papa's business, and it seemed at first they could not go away at all during the summer; but mamma thought of renting the house for six weeks, so making it possible for them to afford it. A professor and his wife from somewhere were glad to occupy it while taking a course of study.

It was hard for mamma to make up her mind to this, for she did not know the professor and his wife, and now she was dreading to go home lest she find some of her household treasures abused; and that was why the frown got caught between her eyes. It was not often that this frown made its appearance, and when it did general gloom prevailed.

When the train stopped, the grumpy little quartet stepped off, then were whirled along by people's upstairs windows in the elevated till they reached the Midway, and finally stood disconsolately at their own door.

My! Although it was a hot August day, their temperatures all went right down to zero when mamma let them in the big, silent hall. Then while she looked round for things gone wrong, one

of the grumpies, Madge by name, found her way up to the big sunny nursery on the second floor. It seemed lonely, and the tears were not very far away.

"Oh! oh! oh!" soon came in surprised, delighted cries from that quarter, which took all the other grumpies to the nursery, too, in a rush — Tom and Paul, and Madge's other little twin-half, Margery. And there on the nursery wall was a great smiling paper sunflower man, with funny "brownie" legs, and "Welcome" in yellow letters on his big brown face, and "Open the door and come right in," beneath the welcome. They all stood about in pleasant anticipation.

Tom stepped up at once to Mr. Sunflower and found that his face was a big door which would open. Then from a little pocket within he took a small folded note for "Misses Madge and Margery Evans."

The delighted twins of course both reached for it, and as they had long ago learned how to share things, read it together, while the boys looked over their shoulders. This is what they read:

Dear Madge and Margery,
I am very glad you've come,
I truly have been lonesome.
And perhaps you will not mind
Being obliging and kind
To an old, old fellow like me.

So will you please go to the very housetop
And by the north window for a moment
stop?

Up the attic stairs the twins flew, and the boys were not far behind, you may be sure. To the north window they went, and there on the sill stood two little spools of thread with ribbons tied through them and notes attached, which said:

Upon the library mantel look,
And there, of course, you'll find a book.

So down to the library the four pairs of feet went flying, and upon the mantel were two lovely little needle-books and more notes.

"My! my!" danced the twins. "What will it be next?"

The notes said:

Look in mamma's basket of work,
Two friends you'll find that never shirk.

Then all ran for the sewing-room, and there in mamma's basket were two cunning little thimbles, with notes again tucked in each, saying:

Whoever the nursery chest top lifts
Will find the rest of our tribe.
May you keep us by your side
And we have jolly times together
All the lovely summer weather
Making pretty Christmas gifts.

And they found in the nursery chest two little work-bags just alike, of pretty silk, and a little pair of scissors in each.

Well, it was not many minutes till presents were planned for papa and mamma, and the boys, and the housemaids, and uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and friends by the score.

Tom and Paul had walked off as these plans began to unfold, when Tom suddenly said: "Let's see if there are any more notes." And sure enough, tucked down in the bottom of Mr. Sunflower's pocket was a note for Master Paul Evans, and one for Tom himself, with little rhymes which sent them flying down cellar and off to the park boat-house, and finally

brought them to a fruit-dealer's and newsstand, where they seemed to be expected, and packages awaited them.

My! how good the fruit tasted, and the books were a delight! Meantime mamma had found on her dressing-table a dainty little volume and a note within from the professor's wife, thanking her for the use of the lovely home during the six weeks — a home so suggestive of happy children that it had greatly cheered a lonely mother's heart whose little one had slipped away to the heavenly country.

And while tears crept into mamma's eyes the frown was gone, and when papa came home in the evening, so glad to have them all back, there was not a single grumpy left.

After this the sunflower man became the permanent nursery postman. — ISLA MAY MULLINS, in *Youth's Companion*.

A MANLY BOY

IT was a crowded railway station and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered.

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not seem to get out. Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old, wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"See there, Harry! See Fred — that's what he dashed back for!"

"No, you don't say so? I thought he went for peanuts."

"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her budgets? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded the window and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"Come along, Fred! Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys. Off with you; I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick as they seated themselves in the train: "Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer, "he's a man; and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh! you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push."

"I know it, but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York — all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his own mother he "saw her through." And when the gate shut I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that amid much that is rude chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy. — *Silver Cross*.

THE "SUNSET LIMITED"

Hush-a-by Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go.
And the Rock a-by Route is the favorite
one
With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feather and
down,
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's only one track, there is
only one train.
But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on
this route,
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But, strange as it seems, they are seen best
in dreams;
So be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to
bed, too —
He can't hear you, so just wave your
hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up
the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll
have —
A whole sleeping car to yourself!

— FREDERIC B. HODGKINS, in *Booklovers Magazine*.

Children's Sayings

— "That is a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmy-boy.

"It looks big," said Jimmy-boy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porouses in it."

— A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

— *His Mother*: "Why, Mary, what's the matter with the child?"

Mary: "Sure, ma'am, he's been cryin' all the way home because the man as sells fruit told him he never kept star-spangled bananas."

— A little boy was going on a visit, and was told before going, by his mamma, not to ask for anything to eat, as he had been in the habit of teasing for something at every place he went to. He happened to call at his auntie's, and walked around the room a few times. At last he thought of a plan, and said: "Auntie, don't you think your cookies will get moldy?"

— Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.

Uncle Jack: "What's the matter, Allie?"
Alice (weeping): "You've drank up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my free pollywogs."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson X

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1904.

1 KINGS 19:9-18.

ELIJAH ENCOURAGED

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Fear thou not, for I am with thee.* — Isa. 41:10.

2. **DATE:** Same as last lesson.

3. **PLACE:** Mt. Horeb.

4. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — 1 Kings 19:9-18. Tuesday — Rom. 11:1-6. Wednesday — Exod. 33:12-23. Thursday — Psal. 42. Friday — 2 Tim. 4:9-18. Saturday — Ezek. 2:1-7. Sunday — Isa. 41:10-20.

II Introductory

In a cave beneath Horeb the prophet found a shelter, and here the word of the Lord came to him, with the inquiry: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He tried to defend his flight by pleading his jealousy for the Lord of hosts because of the recreancy of Israel, and by urging that his own periled life was the only one left of those loyal to Jehovah. Then a vision was granted to him — a dramatic parable of the most awe-inspiring kind — the might of the hurricane rending the rocks, the rumble and shock of the earthquake, the dazzling glare of unearthly fire, all of them reflecting Elijah's moods, all of them types of the violent measures which he would adopt for the reformation of Israel. But "the Lord was not in the wind," nor "in the earthquake," nor "in the fire;" but "in the still, small voice" which followed these, at the sound of which the prophet, wrapping his mantle about his face, went forth to listen. Again the question was put: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" And again it was answered as before. But the Divine questioner had now something more to say: Elijah was bidden to leave the cave, and go to the wilderness of Damascus; there, in due time, to anoint Hazael king over Syria, and Jehu, king over Israel, and Elisha to be his (Elijah's) successor. Israel should not fall of punishment — those who deserved it. The idolaters who escaped Hazael's sword should feel the edge of Jehu's; and those who escaped the King should be smitten by the spiritual sword of the prophet. And yet, all should not be slain; there should be a remnant. Elijah was not alone — as he thought himself to be. There were seven thousand in Israel whose knees had not bowed to Baal, neither their mouths kissed him.

III Expository

9. **Came into a cave.** — "The cave" is the more exact rendering. Elijah's cave is still pointed out by the Arabs, just beneath the summit of what is called "the Mount of Moses." It is supposed by many that this cave was identical with "the cleft of the rock" in which Moses was hidden when the Lord "passed by." Lodged there — passed the night there. What doest thou here, Elijah? — a question that would hardly have been put, had the prophet been submissive to Divine guidance. In his disappointment and despondency he had behaved willfully. Why is he

here in Horeb, when he was sent to Israel?

Those who think that Elijah was perfectly justified in fleeing from Jezebel see no reproof here, and no complaint in Elijah's answer. But most think that as Elijah fled "in terror and bitter disappointment and sheer distrust of God, it does look as if the words conveyed a gentle reminder that he had deserted the post of duty, and had no right to be there" (Spence). — A cave by Cherith was a good place for Elijah, when the Lord told him to hide there. A cave at Horeb was a poor place for Elijah if he were hiding in it from duty. The best place for us is always that place which God has commanded us to occupy (Trumbull).

10. **Very jealous for the Lord God of hosts** — jealous of the encroachments of idolatry, zealous to exterminate it. Many find in these words "a tone of reproach that God had not followed up his zeal and services with adequate success." For the children of Israel, etc. — He utters a weighty indictment against them — rejection of the divine covenant, demolition of the altars (those at Ramah, Mispah, Gilgal, Carmel, and doubtless others), the murder of the prophets, and their deadly intentions toward himself, whom he regards as the sole surviving representative of Jehovah's servants.

Though Obadiah had preserved a hundred prophets in a cave, they had not stood with Elijah on Carmel, and Elijah had made there this same complaint (1 Kings 18:22). So Paul was once deserted in Rome by all but Luke. So the disciples, in that last night, forsook Jesus and fled; and on the cross Jesus cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Elijah's reply is a justification: "I am here in hiding because I could accomplish nothing elsewhere." It is almost a reproach: "Why didst thou leave me alone and unsupported?" Jehovah's reply is to exhibit the real workings of His providence, so different from what Elijah had been expecting (Peloubet).

11. **And he said** — probably on the morrow; the Septuagint inserts "tomorrow." **Go forth.** — It would seem, from verse 13, that Elijah did not obey this direction until after the three material manifestations of the Divine power had occurred; he may, however, have gone out of the cave at each manifestation and retreated in terror. **The Lord passed by** — His awful presence betrayed by a series of natural phenomena of the most startling and convulsive type. **Great and strong wind** — a tempest so violent as to tear the lofty mountain crags from their base and pulverize the very rocks. **The Lord was not in the wind.** — That was symbolic, phenomenal merely, one form of manifestation, but by no means the chosen form. The prophet was taught that permanent national reforms were not to be accomplished by violent tempests of zeal, by gusts of indignation. **An earthquake** — more terrifying even than the tempest, swaying and upheaving the solid crust on which he stood, and teaching him that, however much to his taste would be a moral convulsion that should shake the very foundations of the hated idolatry, the Lord was not in such convulsions; there was something more potent, more permanent yet. "There was a revelation of the Divine nature which God would now give to Elijah which these symbols could not convey, and in this sense Jehovah was not in them" (Terry).

12. **A fire** — "perhaps the incessant blaze of Eastern lightning flaming around" (Geikie), or a repetition of that awful fire and flame which had made this same mountain so dreadful to the Israelites in Moses' day, or of that which had fallen at Carmel. **A still small voice** — "a sound of soft stillness" (Rawlinson); "gentle blowing, or soft murmur, a sign of the nearness of God" (Gray).

The acted parable is, in fact, an anticipation of the evangelical rule — a condemnation of

that "zeal" which Elijah had gloried in, a zeal exhibiting itself in fierce and terrible vengeance; and an exaltation and recommendation of that mild and gentle temper which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Read in the light of after revelation, we can thus understand the true drift of this most marvelous scene; but it may be questioned how far Elijah was able to perceive its meaning (Rawlinson).

13, 14. **Wrapped his face in his mantle** — in reverent consciousness that the moment for the real vision had come; that the Lord whose presence was not to be confounded with phenomena, however startling, was about to speak with him. **What doest thou here, Elijah?** — Question and answer are repeated, as above.

15, 16. **Go return.** — Elijah had had his lesson, and there was work for him still to do. **Wilderness of Damascus** — beyond Israel, between Bashan and Damascus, a place where Jezebel's wrath could not easily reach him, and yet a convenient centre for the work and services yet to be required of him. **When thou comest** — not immediately, but when the Spirit should indicate. **Anoint Hazael king over Syria** — in place of Benhadad; Hazael was the chief general of the Syrian army. His anointing, or appointing, occurred much later (see 2 Kings 8). "Hazael became a powerful king, and his wars against Israel were God's instrument of punishment for their sins, helping them to repentance and amendment. Something of this future may have been disclosed to Elijah" (Peloubet). **Jehu, the son of Nimshi** — strictly, his grandson. **King over Israel** — in place of Ahab. This change also did not occur until after a lapse of years. **Elisha, the son of Shaphat** — his own successor, of whom we shall learn more in succeeding lessons. **Abel-meholah** — "the field of the dance," in the Jordan valley, not far from Tizrah.

How did Elijah obey? He went at once to Elisha, and threw his mantle over him — a sign equivalent to anointing, and promptly understood. In God's time, though long afterward, on Elisha's instigation, and at the hands of an unknown prophet, Jehu was anointed; and Elisha, doubtless on Elijah's instruction, told Hazael that he was to be king. Elijah was rendered confident by the disclosure of the coming judgment upon Israel and the Baal worshippers through Hazael and Jehu, and passed on the commands of God to those who would carry them out when the fit time came. In the meanwhile he performed what was immediately feasible, the appointment of Elisha, and in so doing gained courage to take the next step, as God pointed it out (Peloubet).

17. **The sword of Hazael . . . Jehu.** — See 2 Kings 8:10. Hazael was to be God's sword smiting from without, Jehu God's sword smiting from within. Those of the children of Israel who should escape from these swords, and yet prove rebellious, should feel the edge of Elisha's sword — not a literal sword as in the foregoing cases, but "the sword of the Spirit," the word of God.

We must understand these words in the sense suggested by Hosea 6:5 ("I have hewed

Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, diseases of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes.

It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it; cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute.

them by the prophets; I have slain them by the words of my mouth") of a spiritual slaying by the word of the Lord, which is "sharper than any two-edged sword," and may be said to slay those whose doom it pronounces (Rawlinson).

18. Yet have I left (R. V., "will I leave") me seven thousand. — God had been faithful, though His people had forsaken Him; and yet the apostasy was not so widespread as it looked to be, and as Elijah believed. He was not the only one left; there were seven thousand hidden ones, unknown to the world, who had kept the faith and would keep it, handing it down a precious legacy to succeeding generations. Every mouth which hath not kissed him — referring to the habit of kissing the images of Baal in token of worship.

This was God's answer to Elijah's complaint, "I, even I only, am left." The answer comforted the prophet, and gave him new courage, while at the same time it humbled him, showing him that not everything depended on him alone. The choice of Elisha (vs. 19-21) had the same double effect, encouraging with companionship, humbling with a reminder that God could manage without him. The young man was found ploughing, with eleven servants guiding eleven other yokes — evidently the son of a wealthy farmer. Elijah's hairy mantle, perhaps of untanned sheepskin — a token of his prophetic office — he threw over Elisha's shoulders, and the young man at once understood the sign and gladly obeyed. He asked permission to say farewell to father and mother. "Yes," said Elijah, "but do not tarry long; remember what I have done to thee." Elisha thereupon celebrated a family feast of rejoicing, speedily found Elijah, and became his servant and pupil. The great prophet, so lonely hitherto, had found a friend. "If there was one thing Elijah needed to mellow him, it was that. When the voice sent him to Elisha, it sent him to a new school — a school in which he would meet a kindred mind, and experience at the last those ties of human sympathy to which the days of his actual childhood had been strangers" (Peloubet).

IV Illustrative

In his wonderful book, "The Representative Men of the Bible," Dr. George Matheson, the blind preacher of Edinburgh, has a chapter, full of insight, on "Elijah the Impulsive." He treats Elijah as a superb soul, learning slowly the great lesson that the kingdom of God is to be received as a little child. "Every stage of Elijah's course is a humbling stage. He is constantly met by some privation; every morning of hope is followed by a night of despair." "The course of Elijah is a gradual subsiding from the roar into the whisper." This process reached its climax in the scene we are now to study. "In the cave of Horeb the old Elijah was buried. The child had conquered the man and left his body in the cave; the still, small voice had triumphed over the wind, the earthquake, and the fire" (Peloubet).

Summer Attendance

THE influence of the season on church work has always been considerable, and that for reason. When people are very busy with one thing, they cannot give much attention to another. This rule of the seasons is seen in the Sunday-school work. In the old order the worst season for us was the winter time. Then the houses were open, heating arrangements were poor, the roads were bad, and adequate wraps, even, were costly and scarce. Now things have changed. The greatest trouble in keeping up the attendance now comes in summer. There is a temptation to be lazy and stay at home, or to go out into the open air. But the main thing is the migration of our people from the towns and cities into places of resort. Then there are some who do not go away who stay

away from Sunday-school because others have gone away.

There is no reason in any of these cases for the lessening of the general average of our Sunday school attendance in summer. If those who go away will promptly enter the schools where they are summering, and those who stay at home will resist the inclination to sacrifice intellectual and spiritual interests to mere physical ease, our numbers on the whole will be kept up, and the work will go on. What will you do? Will you count for one the whole summer through? — *Senior Quarterly.*

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S SHIELD

REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D. D.

"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind." — 1 PETER 4:1.

THESE words were spoken to a military empire. They were spoken amid a people who had raised themselves by the practice of arms. To such a race the exhortation must have been startling. It promised a new kind of armor, a new species of defence. Such a promise must have made the Roman start and look round. But when he saw the proposed armor he must have laughed. It had neither length, breadth, nor thickness. It could not inflict a single wound upon an enemy. Nay, it was itself a wound. The very putting of it on involved mutilation to the man who wore it. "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves therefore with the same mind." We can understand a Christian exhorted to the spirit of sacrifice; but is not that an exhortation to divest yourself of armor? The novelty of Peter's exhortation does not lie in being told to cultivate the mind of Jesus, but in being told that the mind of Jesus is a source of Roman defence. We all admit sacrifice to be a virtue, but we never think of it as a panoply. We have recognized it as a capacity to yield, but we are not accustomed to view it as a capacity to resist. And yet Peter is right. There is no power that resists danger like the sacrificial power of love. If ever a man learned this by experience, it was Peter. Whenever he began to sink, it was from internal causes. He went out to meet in the morning a storm from which he recoiled at night. Why? Had the storm increased in violence with the circling hours? No. It was exactly the same as in the morning — no less, no more. But in the interval there was something which had decreased — Peter's sacrificial love. He had begun to be self-conscious. He had turned his gaze from Jesus; he had directed his eye to the winds and the sea. Therefore the winds and the sea became too strong for him; he had lost his lifebelt.

Put on thine armor, O my soul — the armor of self-sacrifice! Not by self-mutilation canst thou put it on; thy sacrifice must come not from thy grief, but from thy joy. There is a sacrifice which comes from grief, but it is not an armor. Many have fled from the world through disappointment; yet the world has followed them into their solitude. But thy sacrifice has come from gladness, from the greatest joy of the heart — love. Thine armor must be the breastplate of love. No selfish thought will protect thee from the sea of temptation. Fear of sickness may defend thee for an hour; dread of public opinion may support thee for a day; but these are swords that soon become blunted. Wouldst thou have an armor against temptation that will keep thee always, everywhere? Get the love of some one pure! Set thy heart upon a high ideal; paint it in the fairest colors; deck it with fancy's loveliest gems! Think of

it in the silence; speak to it in the secrecy; dream of it in the night; above all, walk with it in the market place! Then — call it by what name thou wilt, it will be Christ to thee. Thou wilt refuse the flowers of evil. Thou wilt reject sin's gilded cup. Thou wilt decline pride's glittering bauble. Thine abstinence will come from thine aspiration. Thy restraint will flow from the river of thy pleasures. Thy sacrifice will be the fruit of thy song. Nothing can crucify the flesh like the joy of the spirit. — *Christian World.*

Hearty Commendation

EDITOR ZION'S HERALD: The Methodist Camp-meeting Association of Nova Scotia, whose annual session is held at Berwick in the early part of August, has just closed one of the best meetings ever known in its history. We thankfully recognize the good hand of our God in bringing to our aid two members of your New England Conference — Revs. C. W. Blackett, Ph. D., of South St. Church, Lynn, and L. A. Nies, of Stanton Avenue Church, Dorchester — who kindly responded to our invitation to be with us as leading workers, and were present from the opening to the closing day of our encampment. Pastoral relations sustained with the first named brother prior to his entrance upon the work of the ministry, and a somewhat intimate acquaintance maintained ever since, have prepared the writer to expect services of the high quality which this brother beloved has rendered us. In Mr. Nies, also, we have found one whose beautiful Christian spirit and admirable tact in soul-winning have greatly endeared him to us all. The presentations of divine truth made by these brethren were strong, lucid, opportune, and were attended by the unction of the Holy Spirit to a very marked degree. This was especially true of their treatment of the great theme of the higher Christian life. While avoiding everything that might suggest undue persistence in maintaining hard-and-fast lines of terminology and tenet, they so presented this phase of Christian privilege and experience to our intelligence and heart that to an extent never excelled in the history of our camp-meeting, and rarely equaled, those who heard the word received it with gladness, and entered into the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." Especially marked, also, was the extent and character of the work wrought among the young people and children, a large number of whom were present throughout the entire session, and in which beautiful field of effort our visiting brothers easily proved themselves *au fait*.

My pen would fail in any attempt to set forth the warmth of our affection for these brethren of your Conference. The intercourse we have had with them has materially deepened our conviction that it is rarely needful, for the carrying forward of the most aggressive evangelistic work, that Methodist people should seek for helpers outside the regular pastorate of their own church.

J. S. COFFIN,
Pres. Camp-meeting Association.
Parrsboro, N. S.

The Finest Toilet Soap

Glenn's Sulphur Soap will outwear two or three cakes of ordinary "highly perfumed" soaps. It sweetens and beautifies the skin and contains enough pure sulphur to make it a specific for skin diseases. Refuse any substitute for

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

25c. a cake at all drug stores or mailed for 30c. by The Charles N. Crittenton Co., 115 Fulton Street, New York.

OUR BOOK TABLE

LETTERS OF AN OLD METHODIST TO HIS SON IN THE MINISTRY. By Robert Allen, of Tippecanoe, Indiana. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25.

Evidently suggested by the famous "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," these twenty-three epistles from Tippecanoe, which have already appeared in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, and been much enjoyed by a large circle, have a good deal of the same raciness of style and pungent knowledge of human nature which distinguished their forerunners. They have also — what is of more importance — a thorough grasp of the essential features of true ministerial success, and contain a whole cartload of good advice which all our young preachers might read to advantage. We must not take space to summarize it, but the especially serious and weighty words in the final chapter deserve quotation. After congratulating Henry that the Lord has saved him at last from those two very evil things, whining and fear, the father goes on to ascribe this great deliverance to the fact that the boy has made Christ his daily Companion and Friend. The companionship of Christ, he holds, is needed, most of all, to make a minister what he should be. He sums up his advice in this: "Christ all and in all." "Keep close to Jesus all the way." "If you will make Christ your daily companion, you will be right on all questions." "The friendship of Christ is coming to mean more and more as the days pass." "It is the secret of every successful minister's life."

THE BIBLE THE WORD OF GOD. By F. Bettex. Jennings & Graham: Cincinnati, O. Price, \$1.50.

The title-page shows that this work is translated from the third enlarged German edition. It deserves, therefore, respectful treatment. But we are not able to speak of it in terms of high admiration. It does not seem to us to be characterized by clear thought, or to be of any great value either spiritually or theologically. Its main topic is Biblical Criticism, but it nowhere distinguishes carefully between the allowable and the unallowable. Indeed, it distinctly denies that any criticism of the Bible is warranted. At the same time it professes to favor what it calls Biblical investigation or study, but it nowhere sufficiently explains of what this study shall consist. It plainly gives the impression that we are permitted to study the Bible only in so far as the results of our study accord with thoroughly orthodox doctrine. It clearly says that "reason comes in nowhere" in this matter of Bible study. "God did not give us reason for the purpose of judging His Word." "Then why did God give us reason? For planting and building, buying and selling, marrying and being given in marriage." In other words, reason does very well for secular matters, but it has nothing to do with religion; which dictum might suit the Roman Catholics very well, but sounds rather strange to American Protestants. He asks again: "But must not human erudition and science prove valuable even in view of the Bible and for Bible study?" And his answer is flatly: "No." He asks: "What value are we to attach to historical, geographical and archaeological research in its relation to the Bible?" And his answer is: "Not much." The fathers got on very well without it, he says, so why should not we? He teaches the stiffest kind of a theory of literal verbal inspiration; that there are in the Bible "no secondary matters that do not belong to immediate revelation;" all is immediately from God in the exact

words which He appointed to be imparted to mankind; it is wholly wrong to distinguish between miracles, as though some were more important or more believable than others; the Spirit of God is the only teacher as to the meaning of the Bible; what He teaches is to be implicitly believed without question, "with unconditional faith," and "if the Spirit of God does not enlighten you, neither your own speculation nor the wisdom of other men will help you." "If your faith in the Bible does not bring upon you the silent or the outspoken contempt and hatred of the world, the educated, and the scholars, you may know thereby that it is not the true faith." All this, and much more of the same sort that might be quoted, seems to us very primitive, not to say childish and medieval, and wholly unworthy of acceptance. We are thoroughly persuaded that this is not the best way to defend or recommend the Bible. These extreme positions and extravagant claims only defeat themselves and provoke damaging reactions. There should be, and need be, no divorces between "the educated and the scholars," to whom Mr. Bettex so strongly objects, and sincere Christian believers. His cool assumption that all Spirit-taught men necessarily agree with him and his discredited notions, is not sustained by facts, and is nothing less than an insult to multitudes of people as genuinely devoted to God and His revelation as he himself can possibly be.

THE MINIATURE NAME BOOKS. A Little Girl's Birthday Book. S. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, 40 cents.

The latest novelty. A very pretty idea well worked out. Each tiny volume, 208 pages, neatly boxed, bound in elegant limp morocco, and gold-lettered with the name, contains a history of the name, with examples of famous women who have borne it, together with a diary or birthday book for the year. A list of 100 girls' names, beginning with Ada and ending with Winifred, is given from which to choose.

HOBBS. By Sir Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, 75 cents, net.

Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, author of the "Leviathan," was the most conspicuous English thinker in the whole period between Bacon and Locke. He had a long, illustrious career, being born in 1588, and dying in 1679. This volume, one of the "English Men of Letters" series, after sketching the life of Hobbes, takes up his works and devotes much the greater part of the space to outlining his philosophical and theological theories, in three chapters, on "The World," "The Man," and "The State," including such topics as logic, psychology, physical science, determinism, the social contract, and the moral law.

THE PROBLEM OF MONOPOLY: A Study of a Grave Danger and of the Natural Mode of Averting it. By John Bates Clark, LL. D., Professor in Columbia University. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25.

These are Columbia University lectures, recently delivered in Cooper Union, New York, given "in an off-hand way," the author says, and stenographically reported for publication. This is hardly the best method for a book of permanent value on so profound a topic, but it has some advantages. The author, in the preface, outlines the basal ideas which he expands in the lectures, as follows: "The industrial system, which developed under a régime of freedom and competition, has become perverted by the presence of monopoly; and the thing to be accomplished is not to revolutionize the system by the method of state socialism, nor yet to cause it to reverse its natural development by resolving the great corporations which now dominate it into their constituent elements, as crude anti-trust legislation would try to do, but rather

to retain the corporations for their efficiency while taking from them their power of oppression. Nature has shown us how to accomplish this by revealing forces which now partly accomplish it, though without some action by the state they do their work imperfectly. We have to clear away the obstacles that interfere with these natural forces. The policy is not destructive, but preservative, since it demands that we do not kill the industrial monsters which threaten and injure us, but tame them and convert them into useful servants."

FIFTY LITERARY EVENINGS. Second Series. By S. G. Ayres, B. D. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, 25 cents.

A very serviceable and almost indispensable assistant for the fourth vice president in our Epworth Leagues. The very large use made of the first series seemed to demand this continuation. It will doubtless be equally popular.

THE CONQUEROR. By Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Ten previous editions in the course of two years sufficiently attest the sterling merits of this remarkable book. Its secondary title is, "The True and Romantic Story of Alexander Hamilton." In the form of fiction it undoubtedly preserves the substantial facts of the marvelous career of one of the greatest geniuses who ever appeared on earth. What all Americans owe to his unparalleled exertions at the crisis hour of their fate as a nation has never been so clearly set forth as in this novel. Nor are there many books, if any, which give so vivid a portraiture of the times of the Revolution and the trying days of the young republic which followed. It is well worth reading, even by busy people. It cannot be read rapidly, for it is crowded with

As Easy

Needs Only a Little Thinking

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food. It's just as easy to be one as the other, provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver doctor who knew about food can accomplish wonders, provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the mother said her little four year-old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a doctor, who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet, as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar, especially, he forbade.

"So the doctor made up a diet, and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts, and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things, took the Grape Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Doctor explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar, but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days, and now Grape-Nuts is almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster, with every prospect of growing up into a strong, healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet in Grape-Nuts is the natural sweet known as Post Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but predigested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when Nature demands sweets and prompts them to call for sugar. There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

important matter and wonderfully well written, showing a grasp of the political conditions in that period which indicates the most thorough study combined with very large ability. An excellent volume to take off in the summer.

TOMFOOLERY. By James Montgomery Flag. Life Publishing Co.: New York. Price, 75 cts.

This superb collection of drawings and limericks is irresistibly funny and most strikingly original. Whoever wants to promote his digestion by a series of hearty laughs will do well to get hold of this cute little volume.

The Literary Instinct

From *Harper's Weekly*.

BENEATH Jowett's elaborate memorial in Balliol Chapel, Oxford, there is a plain tablet bearing the name Richard Lewis Nettleship and the words: "He loved great things and thought little of himself; desiring neither fame nor influence, he won the devotion of men and was a power in their lives, and seeking no disciples he taught to many the greatness of the world and man's mind."

Nettleship died, leaving little writing behind him. Some editing, the biographical sketch of Thomas Hill Greene, an essay on Plato's conception of goodness, sum up about all he left for the press. Two volumes of Remains, letters, chance annotations upon the essays of his pupils, reports of lectures and what those who knew him can tell, make Nettleship still, to the student, one of the real and living lights of his century. It was he who said: "I feel more than I used to do that the fact that men like Socrates and Christ wrote nothing does somehow go along with their unique greatness. . . . I do seem to see that if one could literally live one's theories and beliefs it would be something greater than any book one would be likely to write."

This is the key-note of a great lesson. Life is to live. To make a transcript of life is never enough. Being, not doing, was and is the first great verb. By what we are, not by what we accomplish, do we ultimately, as the Celts say, "make our soul."

The literary instinct has had an undue amount of glorification. The food of other men's thoughts is so nourishing and solacing a part of our lives that we are apt to attribute some special merit to the mere plying of the trade, fancying that it demands some special endowment, some unique gift. We forget that merit never attaches to an act, but always depends on the force that projects the act.

If one sift it, the literary instinct in itself is only the lust of self-expression and the common yearning for sympathy; at

its very best it is the love of the word for the word's sake and the devotion to beauty just because it is beauty. It was the literary instinct at its best when the little girl of five rocked her doll to sleep, improvising to a monotonous chant:

"Oh, the queen of heaven bowed down low,
She bowed down low at night,
And gold of heaven shone round the babe,
The triumph babe at night.
'Tis Jesus is the triumph,
And so is the sea and the sky,
And angels is a triumph,
And so is Santa Claus.
And all shall come again
When I am six years old,
And I will lie still in my bed,
And think of beautiful words."

In the first place, this was evidently the love of the word for the word's sake. The new, mysterious, import-weighted word, "triumph," had been presented to her. Such was the power and significance in the clang of it that it might mean anything, and surely it must include all that was best of the world—a babe, Jesus, the sea, the sky, angels, and Santa Claus. Again, it was, in very truth, the true literary instinct, for, like Nettleship, she sought no audience. She planned to lie in the dark and think beautiful words, as one lies in the dark and thinks of whatever is best beloved just for its own sake.

We have recently been introduced, in a leading magazine, to a series of stories of the literary instinct as it purports to work itself out in the child's mind. But this is the literary instinct when the whole life—even that holiest thing on earth, a child's life—is reduced to a mere pose. It is a mind forgetful of all but the garment of words in which some pretence may be dressed. These stories show, with a candid and satirical cruelty, the literary instinct when it is merely the "Look at me! I must have notice!" attitude toward life. Even Stevenson, great artist and gentle soul that he was, faced this degradation to the craft. "Not so much the love of art as an impatience of all honest trades," it is, he says. "The artist steps forth and proposes to delight, an impudent design in which it is impossible to fail without odious circumstances." "To live by a pleasure is not a high calling; it involves patronage however veiled; it numbers the artist, however ambitious, along with dancing-girls and billiard-markers."

There are two things the literary artist craves—praise and money. Of the latter it is interesting to speak, because the matter of money-making is changing the whole course of literature, and a few great fortunes made have beckoned all sorts of stragglers, halt and crippled, into the field. In view of the fortunes made by Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, it is wholesome to reflect upon the twenty-five dollars that Milton got for "Paradise Lost." Shelley never made anything out of his poetry; Browning for twenty years and over paid to get his work printed; the greatest of English novelists earns his livelihood by reading for publishers, and although we have no data, it would be safe to guess that Mr. Swinburne could not support himself by his poetry. To sum up, in Stevenson's words again: "What you may decently expect if you have some talent and much industry is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output."

And as to praise, what is it when it comes? Poor, little, tottering, unpoised puppets that we are, trying to stay ourselves on some one else's approval! It is true that to every one who gets into print some sort of flattery or notice comes. But if a man approve what we say it can only be because he is something less than we

are; for whoever writes knows that the real thing he tried to say lies still-born at his heart yet, and that the printed word is the mere projected ghost of that for which he suffered birth pangs.

Where are the great whom thou wouldst wish to praise thee,
Where are the pure whom thou wouldst choose to love thee,
Where are the brave to stand supreme above thee,
Whose high commands would cheer, whose chiding raise thee?
Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
In the stones, bread; and life in the blank mind.

The work is the wages. If we choose expression as a trade we must admit that, like virtue and marriage, it is its own reward. Who chooses it for any other motive than love must pay a bitter penalty, and who chooses it for love ought to be ready to pay the costs.

The only ideal way to pursue the calling is to treat it as a mistress. Spinoza made and repaired watches, and in the idle intervals of his trade he wrote of the improvement of the understanding, ethics, the theologico-political treatise, and other masters. The Brontë girls made literature in the interim of hard, manual housework, sweeping, and stove-cleaning. George Eliot explained her larger right hand by the fact that it had made so much butter. Tolstol works on a farm. It is safe to say that the whole world would be better if once and finally literature and money could be divorced; if those who love her could be persuaded to turn elsewhere for a livelihood and serve the muse as the true *filles de joie* that she is.

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NW352

REMINISCENCES OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

I

REV. W. J. HAMBLETON.

WITH a memory not especially retentive, but by the aid of my diary, I am able to recall many interesting incidents that have come under my observation during the forty-eight years of membership in the Conference.

I was converted in the town of Oxford, Mass., Nov. 5, 1850. Rev. D. Y. Kilgore was preacher in charge. Rev. Lorenzo Dow Bentley, of what was then called the Providence Conference, assisted in a revival. The meetings continued seventy evenings in succession. My conversion was radical and thorough, and as happy as it was thorough. I understood what Paul meant when he wrote to the Corinthians: "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." As Dr. Barnes says: "There is no other moral change that takes place on this earth so deep, so radical, and so thorough as the change in conversion." The experience of that change is as fresh in my consciousness as though it were yesterday.

My call to the ministry was as clear and positive as my conversion. The question, "Will you go and preach My Gospel?" came to me through the Spirit while at the East Brookfield camp-meeting—the last that was held there before its removal to Sterling Junction. I felt wholly incompetent to render such service as the magnitude of the work required, and gave the case a negative answer. Indeed, I tried to persuade myself that the call did not come from God. The matter was under consideration one year, and caused me the severest struggle of my life. It was settled after weeks of prayer and tears. Now, after forty-eight years of labor, care and constant service in the itinerant ministry, most of which has been spent in pastoral charges, I do not regret the decision I then made. But I do regret that I have not been able to render better service to God and His church.

My local preacher's license was received the 8th of February, 1854, fifty years ago. It was given by vote of the Oxford quarterly conference, and signed by Rev. Phineas Crandall, presiding elder of Worcester District. No member of that quarterly conference lives to corroborate this statement. While attending school at Wilbraham Academy and Newbury Seminary, I had ample opportunity to exercise my "gifts and graces." Rev. C. W. Cushing, now a "patriarchal" member of the General Conference, and living at Despatch, N. Y., was principal at Newbury Seminary at the time I was there. In addition to his seminary work he supplied the Methodist Church at Newbury half the time, and divided the other half between a Union Church at Barnet, Vt., and a church over the river in New Hampshire. Being in Albany, N. Y., most of the winter term, a young brother from Worcester and I frequently supplied these churches. At Newbury, a Dr. Stevens, prominent in church affairs and with a generous heart, took a collection for us the last Sabbath we were to be there. It amounted to about \$3, and was divided between Brother Stowell and myself. One of the stewards in the church over the river asked if we could make use of some wool. As we answered in the negative, he said they would compensate as before we left Newbury. We received neither wool nor money. At Barnet we were assured that our services would be remunerated. As we were entertained in

the hospitable family of a judge, we thought surely justice would be done us; but the case remains unsettled.

I joined the New England Conference at its session in Salem, April, 1856. Rev. J. D. Bridge presented my recommendations. He was presiding elder of what was then the Worcester District. I well remember the hectic flush on his cheeks, his emaciated countenance and feeble voice, as he stood before the Conference and spoke kind words for those whom he had presented for admission. It was quite evident that he was doing his last work in the New England Conference. Our tears were prophetic, for four months had scarcely passed when he "exchanged the cross for the crown." Mr. Bridge was an excellent preacher, was fully consecrated to his work, loved it, and did it efficiently. He died at the age of forty-four, half of which had been spent in the ministry. We wept that one so gifted and useful should so soon be called to his reward.

Bishop Janes presided at that Conference. He conducted the business with ease and efficiency, giving satisfaction to all. A more Christlike spirit never presided at our Conference. We had the privilege of his superintendency but three times after that. The last session of the New England Conference he presided over was at Charlestown in April, 1874. He then began to show physical weakness, and his spiritual life seemed to be ripening for the garner of heaven. Bishop Ames assisted him during most of the session. We may attribute the growth and efficiency of our Methodism to the "holy men of God" who have adorned the episcopal office with intelligence and consecrated service.

The Salem Conference was a memorable one. It had been in Lynn a few miles away eight times, but had never held its session here before. We had but one church in Salem, which was not particularly strong, save in faith. The church was highly esteemed by the other denominations, and they were glad to open their hearts and hospitable homes to assist in entertaining the Conference. Salem was the second town in Massachusetts to be incorporated, Plymouth being the first. It should be revered for its age. At the same time it exhibits all the enterprise, public spirit and advancement characterizing more youthful cities. Here is to be seen the second, if not the first, church edifice built in the colony. It is about large enough for the accommodation of an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting. Here is the first musical instrument manufactured in America. It reminds one of some aged singers; its voice is "cracked" and its wind is exhausted, but press the keys and it will give a feeble response. A picture of Thomas Paine hangs on the wall. Roger Williams used to preach in this church. His doctrines were not in harmony with the stanch Puritanic belief; hence a strong opposition arose against him. The matter was carried into the General Court and he was ordered to leave the colony within six weeks. He obeyed this mandate, went to Rhode Island, and organized a Baptist Church in what is now Providence. It seems strange that the Puritans left England and came to this country that they might "worship God according to the dictates of conscience" and should be the first to banish from the colony a Christian minister who did not believe precisely as they did. Strange that they should name the town "Salem," which means "Peace," and then declare war against all whose religious doctrines did not accord with their own! They looked upon the Quakers as heretics of a dangerous sort. They were persecuted, and laws were passed preventing the

further increase of the denomination. Two Quakers were arrested and flogged and imprisoned. By law the citizens were forbidden to admit them to their houses on penalty of a fine of "forty shillings an hour." One man refused to pay his fine, was sent to Virginia and sold as a slave. These persecutions continued for sixty years. But, thank God, out of that sectarian age has come one of catholicity, when denominational lines no longer separate Christian people in this "City of Peace!"

Salem is mostly located between two small rivers. The North River separates North Salem from the main portion of the city. There was a drawbridge over this river in the early history of the town. A most interesting incident occurred at this bridge. It was the scene of the bloodless, yet determined, fight between the citizens of Salem and the king's troops, in the year 1775. That incident is recorded in history as "Leslie's Retreat." The Provincial Congress had placed seventeen cannon in the possession of a wheelwright on the North Side, that they might be mounted and ready for use in case of emergency. On learning this, General Gage despatched Colonel Leslie with three hundred of the king's troops, with orders to capture those cannon. They landed at Marblehead and marched over to Salem. It was Sunday, and the people were holding meetings. The congregations were dismissed, bells rung and drums beat, to summon the people to the defence of the city. When Colonel Leslie arrived he found the drawbridge up. They resorted to small boats fastened to the wharf, and found them scuttled. The Colonel was angry, and, ordering his men in line, was about to fire, when Colonel Pickering, of the Salem Guards, shouted: "If you fire, not one of you will leave Salem alive." Colonel Leslie, finding himself "outgeneraled," and chagrined at his failure, ordered his three hundred cowards back to Boston. This was a mortifying defeat, but it was followed by one greater still. He was appointed Governor of Massachusetts, and tried to subdue the feeling of hostility to England, but failed. The colonists refused to recognize him as governor, and soon after the battle of Bunker Hill he resigned his commission. This is said to be the first armed resistance against the English on American soil.

The visitor to Salem will be anxious to

This Testimony

Will Surely Interest Many Readers of this Paper

James G. Gray, Gibson, Mo., writes about Drake's Palmetto Wine as follows: "I live in the Missouri swamps in Dunklin County, and have been sick with Malarial fever, and for fifteen months a walking skeleton. One bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine has done more good than all the medicine I have taken in that fifteen months. I am buying two more bottles to stay cured. Drake's Palmetto Wine is the best medicine and tonic for Malaria, Kidney and Liver ailments I ever used or heard of. I feel well now, after using one bottle."

A. A. Feldins, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "I had a bad case of Sour Stomach and indigestion. I could eat so little that I was 'failing to bones,' and could not sleep nor attend to my business. I used the trial bottle and two large seventy-five cent bottles, and can truthfully say I am entirely cured. I have advised many to write for a free trial bottle."

J. W. Moore, Monticello, Minn., makes the following statement about himself and a neighbor. He says: "Four bottles of Drake's Palmetto Wine have cured me of Catarrh of Bladder and Kidney trouble. I suffered ten years and spent hundreds of dollars with best doctors and specialists without benefit. Drake's Palmetto Wine has made me a well man. A young woman here was given up to die by a Minneapolis specialist, and he and our local doctor said they could do no more for her. She has been taking Drake's Palmetto Wine one week and is rapidly recovering."

The Drake Formula Co., Drake Bldg., Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to any reader of this paper. A letter or postal card is your only expense to get this free bottle.

learn about the witchcraft delusion. Many of the transactions connected with this delusion are too cruel to be mentioned here. As the historian says: "It is a chapter of the most deplorable events; so indelibly are they impressed upon the pages of history that they never can be erased." In the Court House you may see all the old witch papers—the original warrants on which the victims were arrested, tried and executed. Here are the pins with which the witches are said to have tortured their victims. A little way on, is the house of Abner C. Goodell, which was the jail in which the witches were incarcerated, and in which one of them was pressed to death. Here is the Oliver mansion, from which Bridget Bishop, the first person tried by the court and sentenced to death, was taken to the Court House. Here is the house with seven gables, called the "Hawthorne House." Near by is the house in which Hawthorne was born.

The most vivid reminder of those tragic scenes is "Witch Hill." On this hill, situated in the northwest part of the town, a gallows was erected, on which eighteen persons who were accused of being witches were hung. Among them was Rev. Geo. Burrows, who died while uttering the Lord's Prayer. The gallows on which these innocent persons expired has long since moldered to dust, but the hill stands, and will while time lasts—a witness to the extent to which one may become the subject of an absurd and fatal delusion. We cannot account for the fact that in many cases these persons were honest, sincere Christians. Rebecca Nurse was one of the victims of this witch delusion, and was put to death. We found her grave in a neglected burial lot overgrown with grass and weeds. No generous-hearted philanthropist has yet erected a slab over it to preserve its location for future generations; no eye ever drops a tear of sympathy on this lonely, neglected grave; no loving hand ever beautifies it with fragrant flowers. We raised a silent prayer that her pure spirit might be found worthy to join that company before the throne of God, of whom the angel said: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Here is the house where Prescott, the historian, was born. The same house was once the residence of Gen. Lander, one of the bravest officers in the Civil War. Unfortunately, congestion of the brain caused his death just when his services were greatly needed.

Passing from Washington Street into Barton Square, you may see a house to which is attached considerable interest. Two organizations which have been doing important work for God and humanity had their inception in this house about eighty years ago. At that time the house was occupied by a Christian East India merchant by the name of Norris. Being wealthy, he had a desire to do something for the elevation of the natives with whom he had often traded. Two gentlemen called to see him—one soliciting funds for a theological school at Andover, Mass., the other for the American Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. Norris was not ready to give to either of

these enterprises. The two gentlemen remained over night. Meanwhile Mr. Norris and his wife talked the matter over. Mrs. Norris said to her husband: "If you send missionaries to the East Indies, they must first be educated. She favored Andover. Mrs. Norris survived her husband three years. In her will she bequeathed \$30,000 to Andover Theological School, and \$30,000 to the American Board. According to the journal of Mrs. Norris, this was the time and place where these organizations had their beginnings.

There is probably no city or town in this commonwealth where there are to be found so many interesting relics of colonial days as in Salem. We must leave them for members of the Conference to seek out when it holds its next session there, which we hope will be before many years. There are two strong Methodist churches in the city now—Wesley Church and Lafayette St. Salem Methodism has the ability to entertain the Conference, and we know other denominations would esteem it a privilege to extend their hospitalities.

West Newton, Mass.

G. A. R. Notes

Continued from page 1068

land" with his presence. The inevitable bottle of wine was broken over the brow of the new ship. Query: Why are not all the wine-bottles in America smashed over the bows of ships, or on some convenient projecting surface? Nevertheless, despite this heathenish ceremony, miscalled a "christening," we hope that the "Cumberland" will have many happy cruises.

—Among the distinguished guests of the week was Governor S. R. Van Sant of Minnesota, a veteran of the Civil War and a delegate to the Grand Army Convention. With Governor Bates he reviewed the parade from the stand in front of the State House. He is a loyal Methodist, and is much beloved by his people in Minnesota. The Governor and his wife were the guests, during the past week, of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Washburn at their attractive homestead, Green Lodge, Dedham. With them they visited Plymouth, where they attended the reunion of the Alden kindred of America. The Governor made the Pilgrim descendants a rousing address, full of Western vigor and genuine patriotic enthusiasm. Later the guests were taken to Lexington and Concord, and other historical points of interest near Boston. This was Governor Van Sant's second visit to Boston. He was most favorably impressed with the city and State, and declared that he had crowded more historic lore into this Boston trip than he had in any other two weeks of his life before.

—A distinguished fighter in the Michigan contingent was Captain John Spillane, now on the Detroit police force, who was less than fourteen years old when he went to the front as a drummer boy. He was in many engagements and was wounded four times, his life having been despaired of in each instance. He was known as "the drummer boy of the Rappahannock." He is straight as an arrow today.

—Governor Bates, with his dignified and urbane bearing, his gracious spirit of cordiality, his felicitous speeches pitched on a high plane of patriotic devotion, and his evidently hearty enjoyment of the whole memorable pageant, won the hearts of all the old "vets," who would have elected him governor, on their return to their homes, in every State in the Union, if only they could have persuaded the deservedly popular Chief Executive of the old Bay

Cramps, Colic, Dysentery,
All Cured by **Painkiller** (PERRY DAVIS')

State to become conveniently ubiquitous for that honorary purpose.

—A wag who, with scores of others, was on his way into Boston on an electric car, which was carrying three times its usual cargo—one day during Grand Army week—seeing the sign which read, "Avoid danger! Wait until the car stops!" whipped out a piece of chalk and altered the inscription until it read: "Take the next car. Avoid all danger! Wait until the G. A. R. stops!" The Grand Army Encampment has indeed stopped—the veterans have departed from Boston thoroughfares. And yet in a sense the "G. A. R." never stops. The tramping veterans are still marching on. Never more indeed will they march southward over the "Long Bridge" over the Potomac, but so long as life lasts they will find fresh battles of patriotism to fight and new opportunities of moral victory opening before them. Not inappropriately were those two thousand children formed into what some one in an inspired moment called a "Living Flag." The flag that saves the country in each successive generation is that palpitating emblem, whose white bars and stars is formed of the pure souls of living patriots, and which is red-barred with the warm blood of a personal devotion to the collection of civic causes which the Union represents. The only guarantee of the perpetuation of American institutions lies in a living not a dead patriotism, in a present not a preterite devotion, in an outlook more hopeful than reminiscent, and in a courage inspired by a firm, fruitful faith in God and humanity. So long as American history shall continue to be written, there will be call and opportunity for such a Grand Army of the Republic!

Things That Were Missed

—The faces of the 14,000 comrades who in 1890 marched past Boston Common, but who since have fallen out by the way in life, and most of whom have answered the summoning beat of the "long roll" in another world.

—Deference to the colors on the part of the people along the sidewalks, as the national standards were carried past the gaping crowds. Only a lone spectator here and there had the grace to lift the hat to the flag as it went by.

—Singing of war songs by a chorus of veterans from the seats of the reviewing stand at the State House, on Tuesday evening. Only a lone colored minstrel then thought to wake the echoes with plaintive negro melodies. It would have been fine if over the Common had floated out on the evening air the strains of the old war songs, sung right there by the Shaw monument where Governor Andrew used to address the regiments on their departure for the front.

—A better opportunity for the people in the streets to see and perhaps to hear the ex-Confederates who were in Boston in considerable numbers, who showed a most fraternal spirit, and who were greatly impressed by the patriotism underlying the manoeuvres and exercises of the celebration. There was no doubt in the minds of the Confederate visitors that the war is now over, and their chief concern is that the South may unflinchingly continue its present march of progress, and that the bond of union between the two sections may become more and more strongly cemented every day.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment, which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home, as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 193, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Greensboro Bend.—Pastor N. A. Ross is full of labors this season, as he always is. To his work as pastor on a large field and three preaching places every Sabbath, he adds a great list of funerals outside, does a large business in real estate and tenement-house renting, also livery and express work, wherein he is aided by his son, Howard; and, beyond all this, he drives a heavy trade in carriages and horse goods, and is even charged with having a formidable hand in local and State politics. This can hardly be called doing one work, but he is still having the average congregation for his community, and the church work is far from being forgotten. It is to be regretted that all his dynamics could not be employed in that direction.

Sheffield has been keeping its enviable record on week-night meetings. The weekly meeting on the "Old Square," though many of its former supporters have moved from that section, is still vigorous and largely attended. Few rural or village communities can show so large or so constant an attendance. Rev. C. D. Lance is highly commended in his pulpit work, and generous predictions are made as to his future success and efficiency. Mrs. Lance is just now having some attention from the oculists in the way of relief for a head trouble which has long vexed her. Two young men from this charge have taken local licenses during the last year, both of whom are constantly employed as supplies at present, and one, Mr. I. A. Romney, is having very cheering success at Waits River and West Topsham. The other is commending himself at Glover, which was left vacant this year by a shortage of men. Here he is ably supported by three local preachers and an excellent superannuate, Rev. John McDonald. The latter has just returned from a protracted stay at Manchester, N. H. His health is greatly improved, and much of his old-time vigor seems to abide.

Irasburg.—The work here is in a healthy condition despite the enfeebled condition of Rev. J. E. Knapp. He has been able to take the pulpit work of late, but any attempt at continued locomotion puts a severe strain upon his heart, which was particularly weakened by the grippe which attacked him early in the Conference year. His daughter, Mary, is very cheerfully and efficiently aiding in all church work, particularly in the pastoral part, and his son, Edward, is at the home each day, as he now has U. S. work as a rural mail deliverer, with a twenty-five mile drive daily. The writer enjoyed a very pleasant call at this parsonage home, Aug. 15, finding there Prof. Gates and wife (nee Minnie Knapp), now of New London, Conn., formerly of Lima, N. Y.

Newport Centre.—Very sad news is just at hand from Rev. M. H. Ryan's family. While bathing at North Hero, the second son, Albert, was drowned, Aug. 16. The funeral was from the home, Aug. 18, and burial at Williamstown, Vt., Mrs. Ryan's family home. This stunning blow comes in the midst of a season of great prosperity to the work in Newport Centre. The parsonage debt of \$300 had been nearly canceled; a new barn built and well filled with hay; and new steps placed in front of the church—all in the first four months of the year. The afflicted family will have the sincerest sympathy and the earnest prayers of a host of friends all over northern Vermont, where they have been doing most self-sacrificing and efficient work for very nearly twenty-five years.

Newport.—The pastor, Rev. W. C. Newell, has been rusticated on his farm at Woodstock for some weeks. Rev. I. P. Chase supplied his pulpit for one week of the time. This is one of a growing list of charges which have put in their full share toward the \$12,000 as proposed for Seminary relief. Col. Mansur can have large credit in securing this worthy end.

West Burke.—The ladies have painted the parsonage on the exterior, after generous work inside, and the driveway and walks are being reconstructed and grading done about the lawn. A pledge of paint for the outside of the church came as a pleasant surprise to Pastor Whidden the other day. More extensive repairs are

meditated upon the church, and the sentiment seems growing that now is the time.

West Concord is very hopeful, and already there is a scheme on foot to raise a considerable sum for remodeling the church here. Some \$1,200 will be needed. The Juniors here gave a very successful entertainment on a recent evening. On the whole, this is one of the busiest of hives during this delightful honey season.

Lunenburg.—The parents of the pastor, Rev. C. W. Kelley, celebrated their golden wedding, Aug. 19—a most worthy and delightful couple, ripening for the glorious garner in the skies.

St. Johnsbury.—Just at present Rev. J. M. Frost is in attendance on the camp-meeting at the Weirs, N. H., where he preached, Aug. 17. He has enjoyed a considerable vacation of late, and has had as companion in part of his outing Rev. Luther B. Freeman, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who has preached several times during the season in St. Johnsbury, to the great delight and profit of the very large congregations that greeted him.

Hardwick.—Report has it that Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Dixon narrowly escaped a bad accident recently. While he was officiating at a burial he left his fine young horse in charge of his wife. The animal became restive or frightened, and upset the carriage, spilling out Mrs. Dixon and demolishing the vehicle. No one received serious injuries.

Craftsbury.—Rev. R. J. Chrystie reports 40 received into full membership, and other additions, with general good-will and growing prosperity. He was among the few from Vermont who attended the First General Conference League meeting at Newport, and is ready to witness that it paid. J. O. S.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Hallowell.—Rev. Walter Canham and family were royally welcomed by this people on their return from Conference, a very fine reception being given them. At the time of our visit to this charge, July 31, they were enjoying a vacation at the seashore; and although the weather was hot, and many of the congregation were away, yet the services were very well attended both morning and evening, and the latter was marked with a lively spiritual interest. The pastor has made 250 calls to date, 1 infant and 3 adults have been baptized, 4 taken on probation, and 4 received in full. An aged member has passed away—Mrs. Louisa B. Well, aged 97 years and 11 months, the oldest member in the church. Several of the benevolent objects have been presented and collections taken. The Ladies' Aid Society raised \$120 the past year. A. W. Hoskins, president of the Epworth League, made an encouraging report. The League has placed a tablet on the church announcing the name of the pastor and the time of church services. The Junior League has a record hard to be excelled. Miss Henrietta Roberts is the superintendent—a model one in every sense of the word. The League now numbers 53, and the average attendance at devotional meetings is 35. July 14, they gave a lawn party and reception to the Cradle Roll of the Sunday-school, a large number of babies with their mothers being present. Amusements were provided in the vestry for the little ones, while the older members enjoyed games on the lawn. Ice-cream and cake were sold, and a nice little sum was added to the bank account. The "King's Herald" were organized the first of June, with Mrs. W. Canham in charge. July 31, 30 Junior Leaguers were present, and all reported their purpose to live as Christian boys and girls during the week. J. W. Church, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and delegate to the General Conference, is confined to his house with a severe attack of rheumatic trouble. He is greatly missed in the church services. Finances are well up to date.

Augusta.—The pastor, Rev. H. E. Dunnack, and family are spending a few weeks at Unity Lake, while an \$1,900 organ is being put into the church. The pastor has baptized 6 adults, received 3 on probation, and taken 3 into the church during the quarter. The Epworth League numbers 185, and is perhaps the largest on the district. F. H. Cowan is the president. The Sunday-school numbers 200. This is vacation time with this church, and the young and

old are somewhat scattered, but soon the church will be filled, and the work of all the departments will be in full operation. The expectations of pastor and church no doubt will be fully realized in the fall and winter, when the work of soul-saving will be the uppermost thought of all.

State Epworth League Convention.—The convention was held with the League at Augusta, June 23-24, and has been pronounced the best in many years. The League with which it was held "did itself proud" in plan and program. The convention opened at 2 P. M. on Wednesday with a song service led by A. D. Russell and prayer by the presiding elder of Augusta District. The address of welcome was given by Prof. F. H. Cowan, president of the local League, and for the citizens by Mayor G. A. Robertson. The response was by A. P. Norton, president of the State League. After singing, the Junior Hour was taken up by Hallowell League, Miss Henrietta Roberts, superintendent. The work of these Juniors ought to have more than a passing notice. Forty of the members were present, and marched into the church singing. The president and secretary carried a handsome satin Junior League banner. The officers took their seats on the platform; the president, Jennie Bradbury, called the meeting to order, and a model of Junior League business meeting was held. The department of finance of this society carries on its work wholly through the bank—all moneys being deposited in the bank, and all bills paid by checks. After the business meeting a short program was carried out, showing some of the work done by the Juniors in a Bible drill. Perhaps no hour during the convention was more enjoyed. For accuracy, promptness, and thoroughness in work we have never seen the like.

This was followed by music, and the convention sermon by Rev. Charles H. Priddy, of

MINISTER'S TRIAL

Coffee Hit Him Hard Indeed

A minister of the Gospel writes about Postum: "I was for years a sufferer from headaches; sometimes they were so violent that groaning in agony I would pace the floor or garden holding my throbbing head for relief.

"I tried all sorts of remedies known to the allopathic and homoeopathic schools; sometimes I thought it was caused by the stomach or biliousness, and again I would suspect it was purely nervousness, and treated myself accordingly; but nothing ever gave me permanent relief. Having to appear before the public nearly every night, it was sometimes almost impossible for me to fulfill my engagements. Finally I came to suspect that the use of tea and coffee had something to do with my disorder, and abruptly discontinued the use of both and took on Postum for a trial.

"From that happy hour I commenced to mend; gradually I got better and better and now I do not have a headache once in six months, and all my other troubles are gone, too. I am now using Postum exclusively, and want no better beverage.

"I know of others who have been benefited by the use of Postum in place of coffee. A friend of mine here in Key West, a hardware merchant, suffered for years with stomach and other troubles while he was using coffee; finally he quit and began using Postum and got well. He is devoted to Postum, and when worn and weary with business cares takes a cup of it piping hot and in a short time feels rested and nourished.

"Some I know have become prejudiced against Postum because careless or ignorant cooks try to make it as they would coffee and will not allow it to boil full 15 minutes; but when they try it again, well boiled, it stays, for it is as delicious and snappy as the mild, smooth, high-grade Java." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Portland. Then came the business session and election of officers, which resulted in the election of Orin B. Frost to the office of State president. Mr. Frost is an enterprising young man of Augusta League. In the evening a song service and prayer were followed by an address on "How to be Somebody," by Rev. Dr. W. J. Yates, of Bangor. Friday morning, at 6 A. M. the Morning Watch was led by A. F. Graffam, of Bangor. At 8.45 a love-feast was led by Rev. F. L. Hayward, of Bucksport. At 9.15 came department conferences—Spiritual Work, A. F. Graffam; World Evangelism, Miss Bertha M. Wentworth; Mercy and Help, Miss Ethel R. Copeland; Literary and Social, O. B. Frost; the Epworth Scribe, Miss Mattie E. Hopkins; the Financier, John Lovett. At 2.15 P. M., "Newport, 1904," was pictured by N. M. Strout, of Portland, followed by Rev. W. F. Berry, of Kent's Hill, on "The General Conference." In the evening, after the preliminaries, Rev. Franklin Hamilton, of Boston, gave an address which was much enjoyed. This was followed with a consecration service led by the pastor, Rev. H. E. Dunnack, closing with the Epworth League benediction.

Personal.—Mr. Charles Toby, of Waterville Church, is a smart man of his age. He attends all the church services, morning and evening, and the mid-week prayer-meeting, and walks over town like one much younger. He will attend Old Orchard camp-meeting. He is only 92 years old, and sixty-five of these years he has been a member of the church and backed his profession by his godly life. C. A. S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Dever District

Personal.—Rev. Roscoe Sanderson, the recently-appointed presiding elder, has made a good opening. At 17 Hough St., Dover, where the district elderage has been for several years, he has established his new domicile and has given himself heartily to the care of the churches and the preparations for the annual camp-meeting at Hedding.

Rev. J. W. Adams, of Methuen, Mass., has been having supply engagements at Tilton, Exeter, Methuen, Park Avenue, Somerville, and St. Paul's, Lawrence. After August 21 he will be free to serve other churches needing a pulpit supply for one or more Sundays each.

Auburn and Chester.—These fields have been faithfully cared for by Rev. F. H. Corson for two years or more. Much to the regret of the people, Mr. Corson is to close his labors the middle of September in order to begin work as principal of Mallicien Seminary, Ala. He has previously served as a teacher in that school, and must now feel no slight pleasure at his appointment as principal. May large prosperity attend his labor!

Haverhill, Third Church.—The work is steadily going forward. Attendance at all services is increasing. Three dozen new Hymnals have been purchased by the church. The Epworth League and the Willing Workers have paid \$50 on the piano debt since Conference. The claims of pastor and presiding elder are paid in full to date. Four have been received on probation and one by letter. Pastor and people are in harmony. Rev. J. E. Montgomery is the new pastor.

Haverhill, Grace Church.—Rev. H. D. Deetz was away on a vacation trip awhile for the White Mountains when Presiding Elder Sanderson visited this church for the second quarterly conference. The work was found to be well in hand, with hope and expectancy of still better things after the summer months.

Lawrence, Garden Street.—A few weeks since, the members and friends of this church, learning that the eleventh anniversary of the marriage of the pastor, Rev. A. Justin Northrup, and his wife was at hand, met at the parsonage and surprised its inmates, not only with a wealth of flowers and of warm congratulations, but also with the gift of a handsome silver service of five pieces, one dozen solid silver teaspoons, and a beautiful picture. The beloved Rev. George W. Norris made the presentation.

The committee on solicitation for the new organ report that the amount necessary—about \$3,000—for the installation of the organ is nearly all in hand or pledged. The contract has been given to the Woodberry Organ Company, and the instrument will be ready for use early in October.

The fine, new church edifice at *Oaklands* is being rapidly pushed to completion by Contractor Ephraim Searle, a staunch official member of St. Mark's Church. Mr. Searle already has built a number of Methodist churches, and is sparing no pains to make this building perfect. His efforts are appreciated by the pastor and the congregation there. The spiritual interest, both at the Sunday services and at the Thursday evening class-meeting under Charles H. Hartwell, is strong and appears to be increasing. Pastor Northrup has been able to bear this new and added burden to pastoral labors already large only because of the generous and hearty co-operation of the laymen of the church who have acted as lay preachers under his direction.

Lawrence, First Church.—The pastor, Rev. William Warren, is visiting in England. In his absence Rev. C. W. Dockrill, of Lawrence, is very satisfactorily filling the pulpit. Pastor Warren's faithful wife reports the social meetings as spiritual and good. She expects to welcome her sister, Beatrice Martin, of Torquay, England, when Mr. Warren returns.

Dover, St. John's.—Midsummer at this church is illumined by gracious things. At the recent celebration of the holy communion the pastor, Rev. E. S. Tasker, received 7 on probation, baptized 2, and received 1 by letter.

Hedding.—There is a good attendance at the Chautauqua meetings. Many cottages are filled with happy people who rest and are being refreshed by nature's generous kindness and beauty. Preparations for the camp-meeting are well advanced. The plans of Rev. J. M. Durrell will be carried through by Presiding Elder Sanderson. There are indications of larger attendance than usual. Prof. B. P. Stout has been secured as singer and general helper in the work of evangelism. His friend, Rev. J. A. Hainer, evangelist, will preach Thursday. Dr. Parkhurst is to preach that day also.

O. C.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

Randolph and Chelsea.—Word from Rev. C. W. Lowell gives the cheering news that the last dollar of indebtedness on the parsonage has been paid. This was the only debt left contracted before the Twentieth Century Offering period. Mr. Lowell is deserving of the highest praise for his patient, persistent, enthusiastic endeavor. It became somewhat contagious, as such a spirit always does, and friends who felt the work could not be done, and friends who felt indifferent concerning the burden, caught the inspiration and lifted finely. To raise \$500 in about a year's time in a charge no stronger than this, is no small accomplishment, and people as well as minister merit high credit. Who'll be the next to report: "Debt all paid?"

Friendship.—Rev. C. F. Butterfield is in the midst of his second year with good heart, and a busy body and mind. Some of these shore towns have special advantages for the minister, younger or older, in that he has opportunity sometimes to secure strong preachers from other Conferences, and sometimes from other denominations, to preach for him; and to hear them; and at other times the privilege—not always a cheerful one—of having them in his congregation. Such hearers should prove an inspiration to a preacher and an incentive to best endeavor. At Friendship Professor Rishell of Boston University is such a help and inspiration to the resident minister. The work is in good condition. Mrs. Butterfield has a flourishing, enthusiastic, and well-organized band of children under encouraging control.

Rockland.—Pratt Memorial is clapping her hands under the ministry of Rev. Robert Sutcliffe. Words of high praise are spoken of ser-

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mons and prayer-meeting talks and Bible readings. Congregations continue large. The Epworth League has expended \$150 for an organ and piano to be used in the vestries of the church. Painting and repairs upon the church are in order. The pastor is keeping a watch over the children in their best interests.

Thomaston.—Rev. L. L. Hamscom is not as young in years as his nephew whom he succeeds, but he covers the ground and does the work in a way and with a wisdom that many of the "boys" might well copy. Many weeks ago he completed his first round of pastoral visitation. No sick ones are neglected on this charge. The community feels that a strong man has come among them. The Sunday-school is flourishing under the superintendency of J. H. H. Hewett, and the Epworth League is prospering.

Dixmont Circuit.—There is no preacher; there are many excellent people; there are three stations. At least two congregations desire a minister. The whole charge needs one. There is no parsonage. The *Corner* is the central location, but the best outlook is at the *East*. The old parsonage that has fallen apart and is crumbling away was at the *North*. WANTED—A man of sterling worth, possessing gumption, grit and grace. Where is he? Bring your wife along, brother!

South Thomaston.—Here we have two ministers, and they are two preachers. They work together and apart—that is, in double harness, or singly. But we cannot utilize one of them for Dixmont. Rev. C. H. Kenney is preacher in charge; the other is Mrs. Kenney. And Mrs. Kenney is supplying the pulpit at Cushing with great acceptability to the people, while Mr. Kenney is doing good work on the South Thomaston circuit. We wish we might find a few more utilizable combinations of similar character. We could find the work. Where are the young men intending to enter the ministry? What is the matter with them? Are they looking after a velvet field to begin in? If there be a young man desiring an opportunity to develop the brawn and brain that give the best backing for a Christian ministerial character and usefulness, that kind of a pasture can still be found down in East Maine.

Damariscotta and Damariscotta Mills.—Rev. C. H. Johonneti has taken good hold of the work here. Pastoral labor is pressed with good results. People delight to have the preacher call upon them. They remember it, they think about it, they talk about it. If they are not all delighted, they all appreciate the call. It pays. The preacher is benefited, the people are benefited, the church is benefited. It is the way to get hold of those who do not attend church. And Mr. Johonneti is a good preacher.

Waldoboro.—Rev. J. E. Lombard is another active pastor, and his work in this line—pastoral labor—is telling in the enlargement of congregations and a growing interest in the church. The men in the granite works especially appreciate this pastor's labors both at their place of toil and at their homes. The same is true of the shipyard workers. The minister

Dyspepsia? Don't lay it to your wife's cooking. It's your liver. Take a pill—

Ayer's

that does not neglect his study and does not fail in home visitation among his people, is bound to have a successful pastorate. He that doubteth is — in need of putting the matter to test.

Southport. — Summer congregations greeted the preacher at quarterly meeting; and these are always good at Southport. The usual congregations of the citizens are largely kept at home, while the summer visitors that yearly increase in this gem retreat by the sea turn out quite inspiringly to attend church at this time of year. Rev. W. A. Hanscom gives them a pure Gospel served hot, and they like it. The new church project is moving. The edifice ought to be ready for dedication by winter.

Pemaquid. — A letter from Rev. A. J. Lockhart brings us anxious news. His son Alton is seriously ill as a result of an operation for appendicitis performed about a week since. The case was complicated by adhesions in the abdominal cavity, and consequently involved a more serious and delicate operation. The operation, however, was successfully performed by Dr. Joseph Lockhart, of Cambridge, Mass., and though the young man has suffered much, symptoms have been generally favorable until now. New complications, however, have set in, and though the attendant local physician speaks hopefully, much anxiety is felt by all, and especially by Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart. Do you know the dreary, voiceless heartache of such uncertainty by the side of a loved one? They shall have our sympathy and prayers. May God's mercy extend to the son that he may recover, and to the family that they may not have sorrow upon sorrow!

An Appeal. — Brethren, let me urge you once more relative to some matters of importance. Do not forget that all the calls and claims of the church are essential. Do not neglect nor procrastinate the benevolences. Make a purpose to get into the first class this year. Reach for the eighteen-hundred-thousand dollar line in missions. Do not forget the superannuate fund. Try to do a big thing for the Freedmen's Aid and the Church Extension Societies.

Another item: The Conference that gives you work and a livelihood asks you to support an endeavor to strengthen and make more efficient our ministry to the extent of one dollar per year. Do we not owe this to ourselves and to our Conference? Will not every man on Rockland District see to it that this claim is met by sending the dollar now to Rev. John Tinsling, treasurer of the Itinerants' Institute?

Again: The fall is upon us. It is the time for special meetings. Will you not arrange with your near brethren to help you in a revival campaign? It is the best way, I believe. If you need other help, try for a deaconess. Write Mr. R. S. Douglass, Auburndale, Mass., about it.

Our fall Ministerial Association will be held with Rev. J. H. Gray at Boothbay Harbor in October. Why not make that a revival convention — a time to discuss plans and methods and put into practice the best efforts of which we are capable for the advancement of God's kingdom? Let every man purpose to be there. Let nothing trifling deter you. It is for God. It is for your good. We need to touch elbows occasionally; we need to interchange thought; we need to discuss together questions that are alive — questions of today, questions that touch and bear upon and permeate the public for weal or woe. They may not all be directly religious questions, but they are all religious directly or indirectly, and we need to get after them and into them. They will help us to become workmen that need not be ashamed; they will help us to rightly divide the word of truth.

Do not forget these things, brothers! Bear them in your minds and on your hearts — the benevolences, the Itinerants' Institute, the superannuates, the Ministerial Association; and, to sum it all up, a revival campaign this fall. Begin now, if you have not already done so.

T. F. J.

Bangor District

Caribou. — The *Aroostook Republican* of Caribou, of Aug. 18, devotes the larger part of the first page to the report of a sermon address delivered in the Methodist Church of Caribou by Rev. O. R. Miller, field secretary of the Reform Bureau, of Washington, D. C., on "Good Tidings from the National Capitol," in which he told of the work being done by the Reform Bureau in securing the passage by Congress of important and much-needed legislation along

all lines of moral reform, such as temperance, better observance of the Lord's day, anti-gambling and anti-polygamy; and to a report of a sermon preached by the pastor of the church, Rev. F. Palladino, on Education Day. Mr. Palladino is meeting with excellent results in his pastorate.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Wellfleet. — Prof. M. D. Buell preached at the morning service on Sunday, Aug. 14, to a large congregation. Rev. R. D. Dyson, the pastor, is gaining favor on all hands by his faithful pastoral work and his strong preaching.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Cambridge District

Centralville, Lowell. — The *Lowell Daily Courier* of Aug. 15 contains a report of the services at Centralville on Sunday, Aug. 14, highly commending a sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. F. M. Pickles, on "Paul before Felix." The work thrives at this church under the pastor's faithful and unrelenting leadership.

Springfield District

Bondsville. — Another new parsonage on the district. The old parsonage has been sold, and a splendid new house has been purchased. This real estate transaction was made possible through the activity of the pastor, Rev. L. L. Beeman, and the liberality of two brethren, Messrs. Parsons and Childs. There will be no debt on this one of the best parsonages in the Conference. Happy Bondsville!

Methodists in the Mountains. — At Moat View Cottage, North Conway, N. H., a few evenings ago, the following Methodist churches were represented: First Church, Somerville; Epworth Church, Cambridge; Trinity, Worcester; First Church, Westfield; Newton Highlands; Grace Church, Haverhill; and North Conway. We held an enthusiastic song service on the spacious piazza. The heart of the pastor of the local church has been made glad because of the loyal support of the summer visitors.

C. E. DAVIS.

A FAMOUS HEALTH RESORT

MOVED solely by the sense of gratitude felt because of the benefit which members of his family are receiving at Dr. Strong's Sanitarium, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the editor of the *HERALD* calls the attention of his readers, for their own sake, to this almost ideal institution for the treatment of disease, and especially for the restoration of any who may be suffering from tenacious nervous and physical disorders caused by overwork or some peculiar experience and strain which has come to them.

First-Class Hotel

The distinguishing charm of this institution, while modern and fully equipped as a Sanitarium, is that it is the most homelike and attractive of hotels, with none of the objectionable features of invalidism. The main building (all are of brick) is on Circular Street, one of the finest avenues of Saratoga, richly ornamented with noble elms which give it the effect of a long cathedral aisle. In this main structure are the public office, reception hall, library, drawing-room, consulting and other offices; and running at right angles to this in the rear, to the north, is a fine wing containing dining-rooms, reading-room for gentlemen, and many other apartments. Three other stories are devoted to the ample and generous sleeping apartments, suites with baths, and the various rooms required for the appliances and treatment of the Sanitarium. The windows look upon a spacious lawn with ample shade. A portion of the grounds is devoted to croquet and lawn tennis, and from the extensive piazzas, which encircle the verdant enclosure, the guests enjoy their daily promenade, looking with pleasure upon

the exciting contests which add life and color to the scene.

The Famous Springs

The wonderful curative powers of the Saratoga mineral waters are too well known to demand any special panegyric, and full advantage is taken of them in the Sanitarium. The waters are used at all seasons of the year and form an important agent in the curriculum of the establishment. Many of the waters bottle well, but all are more valuable when imbibed at the healing fountains. Recently a very valuable mineral spring — a saline, alkaline water similar to the Hathorn and the Congress — was struck on the premises at a depth of 404 feet. Among the wonderful variety of waters are cathartic, diuretic, iron, alkaline, and alterative, and fine sulphur springs, which, with other waters, offer good bathing facilities.

Upon the arrival of a patient at the Sanitarium a careful diagnosis of his condition is made; the treatments and the waters best suited the requirements of the case are prescribed. The patient is not permitted to follow the injurious custom of drinking indiscriminately of various springs, the medicinal properties of which are antagonistic to each other, and a strict adherence to the waters prescribed is expected.

The Baths

From the beginning, baths have constituted a special feature in the treatment of disease in this Sanitarium. The entire fourth story is occupied by the Turkish and Russian bath-rooms, oriental and elegant in construction and finish. The style of architecture and decorations of the resting room are Moorish. The wood-work is mahogany, with cabinet finish. The floors are laid in most beautiful French tile, non-slippable, decorated in appropriate colors, with the exception of the floor of the largest and first approached room. The floor of this room is of various hard-woods, artistically laid. The dressing rooms opening off this room are curtained in rich plush. The ceilings are completely overlaid with gold leaf, decorated with oriental designs and colors. The windows are of Moorish designs in stained glass. It is not easy to describe the effects of the light upon this mass of rich coloring. This room is elegantly furnished with rugs, couches, etc. The hall from this apartment to the warm room, is lined with tiles of a soft, creamy color, with unique frieze, representing shell and seaweed. Porcelain stationary sitz baths are observed from this point. The warm room is tiled — floor, walls, and ceiling. The frieze is an oriental design in shaded olive colors. The windows are Venetian glass with leaded designs in rich madder lake. A marble fountain in the centre soothes both as to sight and sound. Both the hot room and the Russian bath opening from this apartment are completely overlaid in delicate tile, and the colored glass admits abundant light. The shampooing room, entered next, is of equal elegance with the rest, having its own peculiar frieze of delicate shade. A chief feature of the room is the needle bath, with its myriad de-

How a Woman Paid Her Debts

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer, and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of any one who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home.

L. A. C.

liciously stinging water jets, the delight of those who have once tried its effectiveness in stimulating the circulation.

The Turkish bath is essentially a hot air bath, and also comprises a series of rooms. Dr. Erasmus Wilson, a celebrated writer on diseases of the skin, gives the following graphic description of his sensation in this part of the bath: "How marvelously soothing! All care, all anxiety, all trouble, all memory of the external world and its miserable littleness is chased from the mind. The tyrant, Pain, even loses its miscreant power here. The headache is gone; the spasm no longer abides; the pang of neuralgia, of rheumatism, or gout — all are fled. 'This is the Calidarium; pain enters not here.'" Electric baths of all kinds, with all modern appliances, are also furnished.

Beginning the Day

The custom is for guests to go to the particular spring recommended by the physicians before breakfast, the usual drinking hour being between seven and eight o'clock, at which time the pavilions are thronged with people. Returning, the breakfast table is sought with the appetite sharpened and the spirit made buoyant by the brisk walk in the morning air. The physicians recommend the partaking of fruit at the beginning of the meal, and abundance of the choicest, according to the season, is provided. Cereal and nutritious foods find a place upon the menu, which is a generous one, and the appointments of the table are elegant. The diet of each patient is carefully prescribed by the physician who has the particular case in charge.

Breakfast over, there is a prayer service in the parlor, consisting of devotional exercises, reading and music. This is often led by eminent divines and leading laymen, and while entirely optional on the part of the guests, it is generally well attended, as the society of the house is largely composed of religious people, and it is greatly prized as a special home feature and for its spiritual uplift. The singing of the hymns from "Church Hymnary" is led by the fine organ or the Steinway Grand piano, and sometimes the instruments are played in unison.

Dr. S. E. Strong, the medical director, as was his revered father who founded the institution, is a pillar in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Saratoga, and a generous supporter of all the interests of the church at large.

We heartily commend the Sanitarium to

our readers as worthy in every respect of their confidence and patronage.

Sterling Camp-Meeting

This camp-meeting opens Aug. 28, Dr. Mansfield in charge, with the following among the list of preachers: Revs. George A. Cooke, "Working with God;" G. H. Cheney, "Conditions of Successful Camp meeting;" John Peterson, "The Old-time Message;" A. S. Gregg, "Prayer: Its Need and Power;" H. H. Paine, "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit;" A. W. L. Nelson, "The Witnessing Church;" L. W. Staples, "Cleansed from All Sin;" C. E. Spaulding, "Christ's Mission in the World;" Wesley Wiggles, "Who Determines the Destiny of a Soul, God or Man?" Bishop Mallalieu, "Aggressive Evangelism;" J. B. Brady, "What Our Veterans have Done, are Doing, and are to Do;" N. W. Deveneau, "Reasons Why and How I Became a Protestant and a Christian;" J. W. Jones, "Jesus and Thomas;" S. M. Dick, "Who is on the Lord's Side?" E. P. Herrick, "A Call to Backsliders;" Charles Parkhurst, "Paul's Apprehension of the Gospel;" W. A. Wood, "Whosoever Will;" A. C. Skinner, "The Triumphant Life." Rev. Ralph Gillam will be present during the meeting and will conduct special services in the Lowell House each day and assist the presiding elders and others in the altar services.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Claremont Junction Camp meeting,	Aug. 16-29
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-29
Foxcroft Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
Strong Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
North Anson Camp meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Sheldon Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Nobleboro Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-29
Sterling Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 24-27
Lyndonville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 25-Sept. 1
Empire Grove Camp meeting, at East Poland, Me.,	Aug. 25-Sept. 5
Ithiel Falls Camp-meeting, Johnson, Vt.,	Aug. 26-Sept. 4
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 5
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 29-Sept. 2
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 29-Sept. 5
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 30-Sept. 5
Temperance Camp-meeting at Lyndonville,	Sept. 2-4
Willmot Camp-meeting,	Sept. 5-9

Marriages

MODERY — TAYLOR — In Oldtown, Me., Aug. 14, by Rev. N. B. Cook. Frank W. Modery and Almira Taylor, both of Oldtown.

Deaths

WHITAKER — In Jolo, Philippine Islands, July 2, 1904. Mildred Stevens Whitaker, aged 9 months, 7 days, daughter of John H. Whitaker, and granddaughter of Rev. George Whitaker, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass.

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NOTICES

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OPPORTUNITY FOR EXCHANGE. — Any Eastern Conference pastor who, for health or other reason, would like to exchange with a brother in good standing, in one of the best dry climate State Conferences of the West, is invited to correspond. Care Room No. 1, Odd Fellows Building, Nashua, N. H.

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OBITUARIES

He hath solved the sacred mystery,
He hath crossed the great divide;
Within the sacred city, far
Beyond the soundless tide,
He the Master's face beholdeth
Whom unseen we all adore.
He praiseth Him rejoicing
On that bright celestial shore.

Praises be to God the Father,
We all may live for aye,
Though, folded like a garment,
We lay our body by.
Eternal life we enter,
By that full and swelling tide,
Within the Golden City
Where the gates stand open wide.

— Anon.

Dean. — Mrs. Carrie King Dean was born in Boston, Mass., Aug. 26, 1871, and entered heaven from Malden, Mass., Aug. 9, 1904.

Mrs. Dean was the daughter of Rev. Edward P. and Emilyetta D. King. Her father of sainted memory was one of the purest and noblest souls that ever belonged to the New England Conference. The Christian atmosphere of the parsonage early influenced the children to yield themselves to the Spirit of God, and to begin a life of Christian service. The earnest spirit that so characterized her father was inherited by his daughter, as was also his affable and gracious manner. Hers was the happy faculty of making friends and of binding them to herself with bands that were stronger than steel. All along her pathway she has had those who loved her for what she was. The many floral tributes that literally banked the casket and covered the burial place, coming from so many places far and near, gave evidence of the universal high esteem in which she was held. One piece came from Mr. Hugh Toy, of Dorchester, who was converted and joined the church under her influence while she was superintendent of the Chinese Sunday-school at Baker Memorial Church, Dorchester. She was greatly interested in the mission work in China, being a close friend of Miss A. M. Todd, one of our missionaries in that country. It was only the day before her departure that she received word from the mission station telling her of the arrival of certain boxes she had sent to that field. She was intensely interested in all church work. The Epworth League, the Sunday-school, the Standard Bearers, and other organizations in the Centre Church, Malden, will miss her presence and leadership; for she was gifted beyond many in executive ability and effective service.

She was married to J. Richmond Dean, Oct. 11, 1899, and for nearly five years this union had been one of unrelenting joy and unalloyed affection. In the truest sense there was a beautiful home. A wise counselor always, a prudent and painstaking wife, industrious almost to a fault, this talented Christian woman made her home a throne of power, a haven of rest to her husband and loved ones, a Bethel for all her friends.

Her strong, well-balanced, affectionate nature knew no bounds for her husband, her mother, and her brother. Her life was so interwoven with each of theirs, that with her going away a vacancy is made that no mortal joy can possibly fill. Still there is comfort for all those who knew her and were bound to her by ties of kin and friendship, in the memory of such a precious life. Just before she fell asleep she said: "You're here, papa, aren't you?" and then she "was not, for God took her." The next moment her papa in heaven must have said: "You're here, Carrie, aren't you?" And she is with him forevermore.

The services at the house were conducted by Rev. Dr. Geo. S. Chadbourne, of Malden, an old friend of the family, and who officiated at the like service for her father. His words were full of tenderest sympathy and aglow with reference to the sterling virtues and gracious gifts of the beautiful life. The body was interred near that of her father in Amherst, where Rev. T. C. Martin offered a fervent prayer that brought great

consolation to the many mourners who gathered about the grave.

The husband, mother and brother survive her, and are sustained by that Christian fortitude and grace that come only to those who are confident that the grave is not the Christian's goal, and that at some future time loved ones will be reunited to live on in uninterrupted communion forever and forever.

G. B. D.

Merrill. — Theophilus T. Merrill, a much-respected citizen of Searsport, Me., passed away, June 30, 1904, at the advanced age of 88 years, 8 months, and 88 days.

The deceased had been a resident of Searsport for more than sixty years, and had won for himself an enviable reputation for steadfast integrity and uprightness. He was born in the city of Portland, Maine, Oct. 12, 1815, and remembered very distinctly the visit of Lafayette to that city in 1824, though but nine years of age at the time. He remained in Portland and vicinity until 1841, when he came east, and located in Belfast. He remained there but a few months, and then returned to his native city. Here he lived but a short time. Deciding to return east, he removed to Prospect (now Searsport), where he remained to the time of his death.

In the year 1837 he was united in marriage with Miss Harriet Harmon, of Harrison, Me. She lived but nine years, and then "was not, for God took her," leaving to the care of the young husband three children—a son and two daughters—who remained to brighten all the years of his pilgrimage. In 1850 he was joined in marriage with Miss Mary A. Curtis, of Swanville, Maine. For more than forty years she tarried with him, a loving and faithful wife and mother, and then passed to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Since then he has been tenderly cared for in the old home by his children.

Mr. Merrill, with his son, for many years carried on the business of boat-building, and the many ships hailing from Searsport carried the work of his hands to all parts of the world. He was a thorough and efficient workman, "one who needed not to be ashamed." As one remarked recently: "All that came from his hands was done upon honor."

For fifty years he was an esteemed and faithful member of Searsport Methodist Episcopal Church, and for many years a member of its official board, occupying the position at the time of his death. He was a loyal supporter of ZION'S HERALD, having been a subscriber for a little over half a century.

With his many friends in the church and community, there remain to mourn his departure an aged brother and sister, residents of Portland; a son, George E. Merrill, who owns and operates the lumber mill in Searsport; two daughters, Mrs. Mary V. Dodge, who resided with her father, and Mrs. John Dodge, of South Boston; Mrs. Ida Blanchard, of Melrose, Mass., a much-loved adopted daughter; and several grandchildren.

The funeral service was held at his residence on Main Street, conducted by his pastor, Rev. G. H. Hamilton, assisted by a quartet from the choir of the Methodist Church.

G. H. HAMILTON.

King. — In the beautiful old town of Greenville, Ala., July 10, 1904, just before the break of day, a mother in our Methodist Israel passed to her eternal reward. The hour and the day (Sunday) were appropriate, for "Mother King," as the little children delighted to call her, passed from earthly sorrows and suffering to the heavenly Sabbath of rest and light. She was beautiful in life, and also beautiful in death.

Mrs. L. H. King was born, May 10, 1822. She had reached the ripe age of 82 when she gently fell asleep in Jesus. She was born in far-away New England, and now sleeps beneath the genial skies of our sunny Southland.

She was genuinely converted when twenty years of age. Though her parents were strict Presbyterians, she could not subscribe to the doctrines of that church, but believed rather in full and free salvation, and at the very earliest opportunity entered the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For more than sixty years she was a Methodist of the truest type.

She married Jacob W. King, who died in South Hadley Falls, Mass., at the age of 35, be-

ing Sunday school superintendent, trustee, and class-leader at the time of his death. She was thus left a widow at the age of thirty, with three small children—Clara, Stella and Charles Wesley—to care for. Clara died when but eighteen years of age; Charles Wesley died in 1891; Miss Stella, of New York city, is left to mourn her irreparable loss. During the last year this loving daughter remained with her mother and beautifully ministered to her till the end came.

In the year 1883 Slater King moved South from Boston, and settled in Greenville, Ala. She soon won her way into the hearts of her new neighbors. Noble in spirit herself, she recognized what was noble in others. For twenty-one years her life and labors were a benediction to Greenville; and the love of the people for her was deep and beautiful.

Seven years ago last December I became pastor of the Methodist church in Greenville, and first met Mrs. King. During the two years of my stay there she was a mother to me. What a glorious privilege it was to preach to her! She was such a helpful listener. Many times when I became discouraged in my work I went to her home and always came away with my faith in God brighter and my zeal for the cause of Christ stronger. The last day I spent in the parsonage in Greenville she came through the rain and cold to tell us good by, and with her hand on my head she gave me a benediction which lingers as sweet music in my heart till this day. She loved the South, but always kept in touch with the church of her early life, and no week failed to bring to her ZION'S HERALD, in which she experienced a delight words cannot express.

She suffered greatly for many years, and about ten months ago fell and broke one of her limbs. Through all her intense suffering her faith never faltered, and she was bright and cheerful to the end. She had great bodily and mental strength, and was a woman of rare culture. But above everything else was her Christian faith and fortitude and her love and zeal for Methodism.

On May 10 last, more than fifty of her friends celebrated her 82d birthday by calling to see her, carrying flowers and presents. They car-

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ried away an abiding benediction. Just two months afterward, at the quiet hour of six in the afternoon, loving hands bore her to her last resting place. The funeral service was beautiful. There was general sorrow, but it was lost in thanksgiving to God for her noble, consecrated life, and in bright hope of a glad reunion beyond the grave. The Methodist choir sang sweet hymns of praise, and Rev. L. H. S. Chappelle paid loving tribute to her worth.

Mrs. King was the widow of a consecrated worker of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but those of us who knew her loved her as though she had been the widow of one of our own preachers. She died far away from the New England she loved so dearly, but not far away from her people, for we are her people also, and in the resurrection she will arise with our Methodist hosts, and then there will be no North, no South.

HENRY TRAWICK.

Beck. — Mrs. Sarah Binney Beck, daughter of the late Rev. Ralph W. Allen, died in Bloomfield, New Jersey, July 16, 1904.

She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church forty years, adorning the doctrine of her Saviour with an unblemished character. The fruits of the Spirit abounded in her life. She had a heart full of compassion for the poor, the sick, the neglected, and the oppressed. During our Civil War the thought of the sick and wounded soldiers languishing in crowded hospitals awakened her sympathies and prompted her to hasten to minister to these sufferers. Among the patients in her ward was a cultured young German of a highly respectable family, who attested the faithfulness of his nurse and his gratitude by his subsequent offer of marriage, which resulted in a blissful union which only death could sever.

Mrs. Beck was remarkable for the largeness and constancy of her charities bestowed upon the freedmen, students, and teachers in one of our Southern colleges. Many of these will arise to call her blessed. She has left her husband and four daughters to mourn their loss, not as those who have no hope. Although an invalid many years by reason of a painful weakness of her eyes, she died very suddenly, after an acute illness of only two hours.

DANIEL STEELE.

Richmond. — Mrs. Lucetta I. (Larrabee) Richmond was born in Bridgton, Maine, March 24, 1866, and passed from earth to heaven, Aug. 4, 1904.

She was the only daughter of Daniel P. and Eliza Larrabee, of Bridgton, among the oldest and most excellent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Lucie, as she was familiarly called, was converted during the pastorate of Rev. Parker Jaques, and immediately began witnessing for her Master, in which privilege she delighted until death sealed her lips. She was married, June 25, 1891, to Prof. H. M. Richmond, and with him went to St. Joseph, Mo., where he was engaged in teaching. They subsequently moved to Liberty, Mo., where Mr. Richmond was engaged as a professor in a Baptist college. Their home life was well-nigh ideal. Five children were born to them, three of whom have preceded the mother to the heavenly home. During the past winter illness invaded the family circle and took two of the children. The care incident to their illness proved too much for her frail form. Gradually she sank, and "was not." God had taken her. During her entire illness she thought of and planned for her family and friends with remarkable wisdom and tenderness. Her bedside is a hallowed spot in their memories. There she spoke words of faith and earnest entreaty, pleading with them to meet her in heaven. She especially cherished the letters from her aged parents, one of which she requested might be placed near her heart when laid away to rest.

Mrs. Richmond's Christian profession has been eminently Biblical, and her Christian life has abundantly sustained her profession. She was originally well born. Her father ("Uncle Daniel," as he is familiarly called) and mother are noble types of Methodist Christians. She was a niece of Rev. N. D. Center. In her second

birth she partook of the graces and excellences of the Divine nature. Her aged parents wait for a little while and weep, but their tears are tears of Christian joy. Her faithful husband and two dear little boys mourn, but their mourning is radiant with hope bright with immortality.

Her remains were interred by the side of her children at Liberty, Mo. Great sympathy is expressed for her sons and for her aged parents, in all of which Professor Richmond richly shares.

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Editorial

Continued from page 1065

the Gospel in the villages will doubtless be great, and apathetic or irreligious communities may be stirred to a new respect and enthusiasm for religion, especially if the chief of the Salvation Army imitates Wesley's example and takes to field preaching."

The type of Christian disciple of most value in extending the kingdom of Jesus Christ, is not the man who has embraced ever so heartily some grand Christian truth, some great doctrine even, but he who has seen the Lord Jesus, embraced Him, and is simply striving to be like Him. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce states the fact impressively, in saying: "Didn't Paul's Christian life begin with the question, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' No, it did not. It began with the question, 'Who art Thou, Lord?' When Paul settled that it was the risen Christ who appeared to him, then came the much easier question, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' We cannot feed the multitude out of an empty basket; we cannot present the Lord until we have seen the Lord."

As an illustration of the practical results of the "Scottish Church Case," to which reference is again made at some length on the inside of the cover this week, the *British Weekly* points out:

"In Edinburgh and Leith only one congregation remained outside the union, as against fifty-five which entered it. Yet the effect of the decision is to deprive these fifty-five congregations of their churches and mansees, thereby leaving upwards of 23,000 worshippers without a church to meet in, and fifty-five ministers without a home. If the churches are not to be shut up ordinances must be supplied by a 'Free Church Presbytery' consisting of four ministers, not one of whom resides in Edinburgh or within a radius of twenty miles. In Glasgow only two congregations declined to enter the union, as against 103 that did so. Yet these 103 congregations, representing a membership of over 70,000, are spiritually houseless, while their pulpits have to be supplied by a presbytery consisting of two ministers resident in Glasgow."

The editor of one of our excellent Methodist weeklies is making much of what he terms "signed editorials;" but really what is the difference between a signed editorial and a regular contribution?

An able writer in the last *Methodist Times* of London, in referring to the slow and sometimes halting experiences which have come to Wesleyan Methodism, says, with suggestive wisdom and force: "It has pleased the Lord Jesus Christ to call Methodism into existence not so much by His fiat as by the method of evolution. We must, therefore, be willing to reach perfection in the spiritual world as in the natural, by slow and oftentimes painful steps."

The minister of any denomination who buys stocks takes grave chances of loss because he is a novice in a very hazardous business; but the minister who presumes to deal in stocks, and especially to sell to members of his own flock whose confidence he has secured in the discharge of his sacred office, is especially culpable. It is because of this that the verdict of guilty brought in after trial against two members of the Wilmington Conference meets with general approval throughout the denomination. The charges were not precisely the same in detail in both cases, but each minister was accused of (1) gambling transactions through a firm of brokers, (2) selling stocks of doubtful character, and (3)

high imprudence and unministerial conduct in engaging in secular pursuits of a questionable character. Both were suspended from the exercise of all ministerial functions until the Annual Conference meets next March.

While arrangements are not yet completed for the meetings of the General Committees, it now looks as if all would be held in New England—the General Missionary Committee in Boston, and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society in Manchester, N. H. The place of the meeting of the Church Extension Society is not yet determined. The semi-annual meeting of the Bishops is to be held in New Haven. Fuller announcement will be made at an early date.

When Comrade W. P. Bane, of the 22d Pennsylvania Cavalry, who attended the G. A. R. reunion, and who stands seven feet in his stockings, was asked if he was as tall as that when he was accepted for cavalry service, he replied: "No, I was some shorter. I've done most of my growing since the war." There are a great many people in America who have grown some since the war—who have grown away from certain preconceived opinions, and grown up toward some other ideals—and those people are not all of them on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line, either. The nation itself is older—and in important respects wiser—than it was forty years ago. Yes, Comrade Bane, we have all grown some!

The American Board, the pioneer foreign missionary society of America, is to publish a history of its work. Dr. E. E. Strong will edit the book, with the assistance of Dr. Edward W. Capen, son of Dr. Samuel Capen, the president. The history will probably be completed in 1910—the centennial year of the Board.

The 69th annual gathering of the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting Association began Aug. 21, and continues until Aug. 29. The meetings are under the general charge of Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., the beloved and honored father of Governor Bates of Massachusetts. The attendance at the opening sessions, while not equal to that of years gone by, when glorious meetings were held under the old tent which formerly was raised annually at each encampment, was good, and the preaching so far has been of a high order, as may appear from a reading of the list of names of preachers, which includes Bishop Goodsell, Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Dr. L. B. Bates, Dr. J. Wesley Johnston, President B. P. Raymond, Dr. W. McK. Darwood, Dr. E. R. Thorndike, and Rev. Messrs. James H. MacDonald, Charles Tilton, and A. J. Coultas. The absence of the beloved Dr. S. F. Upham from the platform was greatly regretted.

Rev. William Sheafe Chase, canon of the Cathedral at Garden City, L. I., has been conducting the services this summer of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church at Cottage City. Canon Chase is a broad-minded, alert, and earnest man, of catholic sympathies but with evangelical convictions, and has gained the respect and affection of Christian people of many different denominational names. In a recent sermon he aptly compared the views which some people entertain regarding the Bible to the Chinese or Japanese pictures, which are grotesque and misleading because utterly without perspective. All true views of the Scriptures will give the proper spiritual perspective by putting Jesus Christ, upon whom the Scripture testimony centres, into the foreground.

Prohibition in Maine

PERHAPS the prohibitory law in the Pine Tree State was never more defiantly violated in many of its cities than at the present time. The most flagrant illustration occurs in the city of Portland, where Sheriff Pennell has assumed the right to allow whom he will to sell liquors. He makes no denial of the fact. At a recent Democratic rally in Portland, William M. Ingraham, candidate for the legislature, publicly commended Sheriff Pennell for assuming to grant the right to sell liquor to certain parties, saying that "he was administering the office according to good democratic principles of the greatest good of the greatest number." That is a new standard of obligation for a sworn officer of the law to assume—to decide what laws shall be, and what laws shall not be, executed. Sheriff Pennell, who is a Democrat, recently came before a body of ministers in Portland and coolly maintained his right to exercise discretion in the execution or non-execution of the prohibitory law. It is hoped that he will be defeated at the coming election.

Rev. C. S. Cummings, sheriff of Androscoggin County, is meeting the confident expectation of his supporters that he would enforce the prohibitory law equally with all others. This he has done with signal success. He is a candidate for re-election, and it is earnestly hoped that he will be successful.

In York County an association of Christian ministers, with that uncompromising foe of the liquor traffic and all sin, Rev. B. C. Wentworth, presiding elder of Portland District, at the head, in an address to the voters, says:

"It is a condition and not a theory that now confronts the voters of York County. The liquor traffic is strongly entrenched in this county. We assume that no intelligent man or woman will deny that there is much illicit liquor selling in this county. This proposition can be proved beyond question.

"We charge the county officials with the crime of sustaining themselves in power by practically licensing this reprehensible traffic, and for the evils which flow from it. It has become plain that those persons who control the party have no desire to destroy this traffic, but simply to perpetuate themselves in office. There is no ground of hope for better things in the candidates presented by the dominant party in the present campaign.

"We ask you to unite with us to elect as sheriff Edward H. Emery of Sanford, and Edwin J. Cram as county attorney, and George L. Crossman as state senator. We desire to place men in office who are opposed to the liquor traffic and to all other crimes. We believe that the election of the candidates here named will be an effectual blow at unrighteousness, and the introduction of a new era in God's work in York County."

We were gratified to observe that Hon. William T. Cobb, the Republican nominee for governor, at the opening Republican rally in Bath, last week, said: "If elected governor of this State in September I promise that I will use every effort to enforce the prohibitory liquor laws the same as all others on the statute books of the State."

Let no one fear for the prohibitory law because of its open violation in Portland and some other cities. These ebbs and flows of sentiment will come, but the greater the abuse, as under Sheriff Pennell, the more radical and overwhelming will be the reaction in favor of the execution of the law when it comes. As Solon Chase said the other day in a published speech: "Sheriff Pearson died because of his efforts to enforce the prohibitory law, but his soul is marching on, and Maine will never abandon prohibition." A prominent Congregational clergyman, familiar with the condition throughout the entire State and the whole problem, said: "The people of Maine are religiously devoted to the prohibitory law, and will never abandon it. If resubmission were to be voted on today, the people would bury it out of sight, with a majority against it of 80,000."